UNIVERSITY OF
Toronto Quarterly

FEB 7 - 1955

Shakespeare and the Lonely Dragon	Millar MacLure
Theme and Technique in the *Philoctetes* and *Oedipus* of André Gide	D. J. Conacher
Milton's Hell Revisited	Ernest Schanzer
A Philosophy Ancient and Modern	M. M. Kirkwood
Work and Leisure	Karl F. Helleiner
Revision of the United Nations Charter	Douglas G. Anglin
Music and Morality in Thomas Mann and Hermann Hesse	G. W. Field
Featherpate of Folly	G. C. Haddow

REVIEWS

Willa Cather and her Work	Philip Child
Psychology and Alchemy	Peter F. Fisher
New Life for Logic	David Savan
Forster's India	Hugh N. Maclean
Dialogues of Whitehead	A. H. Johnson
In Medias Res	William Blissett
More of Berkeley	R. F. McRae

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
JANUARY, 1955

POETRY & DOGMA

by Malcolm Ross

The Transfiguration of Eucharistic Symbols in Seventeenth Century English Poetry. This book is an attempt to present some of the consequences for religious poetry of the Protestant revision of Eucharistic dogma. The drastic transformation of the central Christian symbol in the poetry of the period can be fully understood only in terms of an intrinsic motion—a motion in the very heart of Christian dogma itself. This revolution in dogma is no less than a revolution in our way of knowing things, time, eternity—and ourselves. Involved in the pattern are such poets as Donne, Vaughan, Traherne, and Crashaw—particular emphasis is laid on Herbert and Milton. $5.00

ESSAYS ON EURIPIDEAN DRAMA

by Gilbert Norwood

The four essays in this volume are the fruit of long years of examination and re-examination by a major classical scholar. With close textual analysis, with wit and individuality of style, Dr. Norwood has brought up point after point that is as provocative as it is disturbing and intractable.

"Towards Understanding Euripides" discusses qualities of the poet's temper and art; "The *Bacchae* and Its Riddle" criticizes, corrects, and amplifies the author's views first stated in his book published in 1908; "God and Man in *Hippolytus*" analyses the dramatic purpose of the divine figures in this most beautiful of the plays; "The *Supplices*" points out astonishing flaws in our text and suggests that it is the conflation of two plays. $5.00

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

University of Toronto Quarterly

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

A. BRADY T. A. GOUDGE H. S. WILSON

J. R. MACGILLIVRAY (CHAIRMAN)

HONORARY ADVISORY BOARD

PROFESSOR A. S. P. WOODHOUSE (CHAIRMAN), PRINCIPAL F. C. A. JEANNERET, PRESIDENT A. B. B. MOORE, THE REV. PROVOST SEELEY, THE REV. L. K. SHOOK, PROFESSORS F. H. ANDERSON, A. E. BARKER, B. FAIRLEY, R. FLENLEY, R. S. KNOX, THE REV. E. J. MCCORKELL, K. MACLEAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS ON THE FIFTEENTH OF OCTOBER, JANUARY, APRIL, AND JULY. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $4.00 A YEAR.

Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editors, c/o The University of Toronto Press. All inquiries regarding subscriptions and advertising should be addressed to the Director, The University of Toronto Press. Authorized as second-class matter, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

UNITED NATIONS

YEARBOOK
of the
UNITED NATIONS
1953

906 pages **Clothbound** **$12.50**

A complete, official account of the work of the United Nations and the Specialized Agencies during 1953. It includes a comprehensive account of every question and problem discussed by the United Nations during the year.

Prepared by the Department of Public Information, the *Yearbook* is a permanent reference volume for public officials, scholars, diplomats and librarians. Fully documented and indexed.

United Nations Publications are obtainable from

THE RYERSON PRESS
229 QUEEN STREET WEST
TORONTO

PERIODICA, INC.
5112 AVE. PAPINEAU
MONTREAL

CONTENTS

VOL. XXIV JANUARY, 1955 No. 2

Shakespeare and the Lonely Dragon	MILLAR MACLURE	109
Theme and Technique in the *Philoctetes* and *Oedipus* of André Gide	D. J. CONACHER	121
Milton's Hell Revisited	ERNEST SCHANZER	136
A Philosophy Ancient and Modern	M. M. KIRKWOOD	146
Work and Leisure	KARL F. HELLEINER	156
Revision of the United Nations Charter	DOUGLAS G. ANGLIN	162
Music and Morality in Thomas Mann and Hermann Hesse	G. W. FIELD	175
Featherpate of Folly	G. C. HADDOW	191

REVIEWS

Willa Cather and her Work	PHILIP CHILD	197
Psychology and Alchemy	PETER F. FISHER	202
New Life for Logic	DAVID SAVAN	205
Forster's India	HUGH N. MACLEAN	208
Dialogues of Whitehead	A. H. JOHNSON	210
In Medias Res	WILLIAM BLISSETT	212
More of Berkeley	R. F. MCRAE	215

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Douglas G. Anglin is Assistant Professor of Political Science and International Relations in the University of Manitoba.

William Blissett is Associate Professor of English in the University of Saskatchewan.

Philip Child, novelist and poet, is Chancellor's Professor of English in Trinity College, and was formerly on the Editorial Committee of the Quarterly.

D. J. Conacher is Associate Professor of Classics in the University of Saskatchewan.

G. W. Field is Associate Professor of German in Victoria College.

Peter F. Fisher is Professor of English at the Royal Military College of Canada, Kingston.

G. C. Haddow is Professor of English at McMaster University.

Karl F. Helleiner is Associate Professor of Political Economy in the University.

A. H. Johnson, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Western Ontario, is the author of *Whitehead's Theory of Reality* (1952).

M. M. Kirkwood is Professor of English in Trinity College.

Hugh N. Maclean, of the English Department of the Royal Military College of Canada, Kingston, is at present on leave at the Huntington Library.

Millar MacLure is Assistant Professor of English in Victoria College.

R. F. McRae, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University, has been our reviewer of earlier volumes of *The Works of George Berkeley*.

David Savan is Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University.

Ernest Schanzer, formerly on the staff of University College, is Lecturer in English Literature at Liverpool University.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE LONELY DRAGON

MILLAR MACLURE

THE Renaissance politician was the executive, not the ideologue; the man *in* politics, not the man *of* politics. Biography was the popular political breviary, and North's justification of his Plutarch was the voice of one wise in his generation: "All other learning is private, fitter for Universities then cities, fuller of contemplacion than experience, more commendable in the students themselves, than profitable unto others. Whereas stories are fit for every place, reache to all persons, serve for all tymes, teache the living, revive the dead, so farre excelling all other bookes, as it is better to see learning in noble mens lives, then to reade it in Philosophers writings."[1] Theoretical knowledge has its place, but men are not ruled by theories. The best statement of this is to be found in the first book of *Utopia*, put with perspicuity and a minimum of irony:

> "That is it whiche I mente" (quod he), "when I said philosophie hadde no place among kinges." "In dede" (quod I), "this schole philosophie hath not; whiche thinketh all thinges mete for every place. But there is an other philosophie more civile, whiche knoweth as ye wolde saye her owne stage, and thereafter orderinge and behavinge herselfe in the playe that she hathe in hande, playethe her parte accordinglie with comlines, utteringe nothinge oute of due ordre and fassion. And this is the philosophie that you muste use. Orels, whiles a commodie of Plautus is playinge, and the vile bondemen skoffinge and trifflinge among them selves, if you shoulde sodenlie come upon the stage in a philosophers apparrell, and reherse oute of Octavia the place wherin Seneca disputeth with Nero; had it not bene better for you to have played the domme persone, then by rehersinge that, which served nother for the time nor place, to have made suche a tragicall comedie or gallimaufry? For by bringinge in other stuffe that nothinge apperteineth to the presente matter, you muste nedes marre and pervert the play that is in hande, thoughe the stuffe that you bringe be muche better. . . .
>
> "So the case stondeth in a common wealthe; and so it is in the consultations of Kinges and princes. If evill opinions and noughty persuasions can not be utterly and quite pluckede oute of their hartes; if you can not even as you wold remedie vices, whiche use and custome hath confirmed; yet for this cause you must not leave and forsake the common wealthe; you must not forsake the shippe in a tempeste, because you can not rule and kepe downe the windes. No, nor you muste not laboure to drive into their heads newe and straunge informations, whiche you knowe well shalbe nothinge regarded with them that be of cleane contrary mindes. But you muste with a crafty wile and a subtell traine

[1] *Plutarch's Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans Englished by Sir Thomas North* (London, 1895), I, 7.

studie and endevoure your selfe, as muche as in you liethe, to handle the matter wittilie and handsomlie for the purpose; and that whiche you can not turne to good, so to ordre that it be not very badde. For it is not possible for all thinges to be well, onles all men were good: which I thinke wil not be yet this good many yeares."[2]

This is one of the most perceptive and illuminating analyses of the art of politics ever set down by an Englishman—art, not "political science," which is "fitter for universities then cities." The enlightened man must live, says More, in two worlds, in his own idealistic utopia where he may exercise his theories without let or hindrance, and on the stage of affairs where the most important thing is to preserve decorum, to make the best and most fitting use of the materials at hand. He who undertakes the government of man must learn the art of temporization, the middle wisdom which partakes of but cannot achieve perfection. Like an actor he necessarily commits his self to some important alteration. The autonomous idealist must surrender his selfhood to the assaults of those passions which he shares with all men. He must be able to hold in his mind at once the *civitas philosophi* and the *civitas hominum*; moreover he must preserve in both his moral integrity. The first, More implies, is its own justification; the second is justified by its end, "that it be not very badde." We live, after all, in a fallen world, and the words "approximation" and "compromise" were coined at the gateway of Eden.

Now for Hythlodaye the problem can be settled in purely intellectual terms. He is the traveller, the observer; More suggested only that he should become a counsellor, not a magistrate. But More found in his own career poignant illustration of his own wisdom. When the gap between what is ideally good and what is good policy becomes too wide for the intellect to bridge, then the crisis becomes a moral crisis. There is the philosophy of the school and the "other philosophie more civile," but there is only one morality and one moral agent. No doubt of this for the Christian humanist: nothing appertains more to the duty of a good man than to "healpe and further the common wealthe." For the magistrate, political acts are personal acts, and appear before the tribunal of the conscience unsupported by any writ of prohibition. In the passage quoted above, More suggests no dichotomy between an intellectual and a moral act; he merely indicates that two ways of thinking are better than one, and implies that plasticity of thought need not of itself precipitate a moral

[2]*Sir Thomas More's Utopia*, ed. J. C. Collins (Oxford, 1936), 39–41 (spelling normalized).

crisis. But a choice may have to be made not just between hypothesis and actuality, but between intense belief and a situation impossible to order so "that it be not very badde." In More's case the conflict was absolute, and could be resolved only by the block; the alternatives were sycophancy and sainthood.

But a comparable crisis may occur in the life of one not given to speculation, and it might prove profitable to extend More's analysis to such a situation. The inner certainty, the intensely felt belief, is in some cases no more than a belief in one's self, or one's vision of one's self.

This vision of the self it is proper and convenient to call honour. Honour is the unreflective man's "schole philosophie." It is, as Falstaff observed, a word, and it will not heal the wounds of the natural man. Moreover, it exacerbates the conscience and demoralizes the behaviour of the public servant when he finds, as he must at some time or other, that his image of himself is distorted in the flickering glass of events. The exercise of his *virtu* is cribbed, cabined, and confined by the necessity of temporization. He is unable "to handle the matter wittilie and handsomlie for the purpose," because whatever the purpose may be it comes second to his inner need for self-realization.

It is this aspect of the political man to which Shakespeare inevitably turned his attention, for it presented a series of attitudes peculiarly suitable to the stage. Intense self-consciousness in any form is attractive material for a stage characterization, for it is a kind of acting, in which the self postures before the self, on stage a pantomime between a mirror and an audience. Shakespeare was very successful in creating this kind of role: witness Malvolio and Othello. When he undertook to present the hero in a political situation, he settled frequently on this plane of division between the private and the public consciousness of the leader. There, he must have thought, is a way to add another dimension to the stage. And no one who has listened in boredom and despair to the monologues of the tormented protagonists in twentieth-century "political" plays, to the pathetic attempts to turn political theory into passion, to the even more pathetic attempts to turn passion into political theory, can fail to applaud his wisdom and his dramatic sense.

One may exclude from this generalization his portraits of the English kings. The Elizabethan Shakespeare quite properly considered a king deserving of special treatment, and apparently he felt it incumbent upon him to do no more than to dig a little deeper into the rich

veins opened by the chroniclers and the authors of *The Mirror for Magistrates*. Besides, he distinguished between the king and the great man, i.e. between the sanctified magical person and the autonomous man whose intimate possession is not birth but fortune (good or bad), and this distinction is one measure of his debt to Plutarch. The very different predicaments of Richard II and Henry V are both, for Shakespeare, royal, and each at his great moment assumes the pose of the tragic sacrificial person. The king-villains, Richard III or Claudius, topple at their fatal hour into the opposite mode of farce (when the ritual goes wrong), the one crying for a horse, the other frantically juggling with a poisoned cup. But even these are royal moments, the frenzy of kings. Nor is it possible to consider the characterization of Brutus as anything like a venture into the territory I have outlined. Brutus exhibits the pathos of the reflective man who has few ideas; he is like a writer with a fine vocabulary who has little to say. Not so much idealist or even "honourable man" as stylist, he would have all things carried off well—

> Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods.

And so in his passivity he becomes little more than a vaguely republican arena where Cassius fights with Caesar.

Not until the fall of Essex, in whose fate all men might see the tragedy of one who was "the soul of honour," did Shakespeare get to grips with this sort of character problem. He made three essays upon it before he had exhausted it: in Achilles, as vanity and sloth; in Coriolanus, as treason; in Antony, as apotheosis.

Professor G. B. Harrison has more than once pointed out the remarkable similarity between the condition of Achilles in *Troilus and Cressida* and that of Essex in the winter of 1600–1, and this evidence need not be rehearsed here.[3] However profoundly one may object to thinking of parts of the play as an "allegory" of Essex's affairs, surely it is not improper to consider the Essex case as one fillip to Shakespeare's genius. Neither, I think, may one hesitate to pronounce *Troilus and Cressida* a very powerful and suggestive piece of work, and notably in the Grecian scenes.

Shakespeare begins the delineation of the state of affairs in the Greek camp with care and precision. First the theoretical basis of good order is set forth by Ulysses in a trenchant (and later much quoted) speech; then the man of many wiles proceeds to an analysis of Achilles. And what is wrong with Achilles? He has of late been observing too much his own image:

[3]See G. B. Harrison, ed., *Shakespeare: 23 Plays and the Sonnets* (New York, 1948), 656.

> The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
> The sinew and the forehand of our host,
> Having his ear full of his airy fame,
> Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
> Lies mocking our designs. (I, iii, 142–6)

Achilles has forgotten the great design in which all have a part, and refreshes his ego by watching the "pageants" of Patroclus, who reduces the other leaders to lesser stature by mimicking their personal eccentricities, their "abilities, gifts, natures, shapes." The shirking triumvirate of Achilles, Patroclus, and Thersites tax the policy of the Greek leaders and "count wisdom as no member of the war." Warfare is not warfare for Achilles except as it is unreasoned combat by which he may swell his private honours. To participate in the day-to-day policies of expediency determined by the linked wisdom of the leaders would soil his bright honour:

> He doth rely on none,
> But carries on the stream of his dispose
> Without observance or respect of any,
> In will peculiar and in self-admission. (II, iii, 172–5)

Nor is this refusal to compromise with the march of events unattended by internal turmoil:

> possessed he is with greatness,
> And speaks not to himself but with a pride
> That quarrels at self-breath. Imagined worth
> Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
> That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
> Kingdomed Achilles in commotion rages,
> And batters down himself. (II, iii, 180–6)

He cannot order his own idea of his worth "to the purpose." His retirement and his sneers do not save him from feeling uncomfortable, for he feels the lack of customary adulation. Ulysses, in a speech of considerable psychological penetration, informs him that

> man, how dearly ever parted,
> How much in having, or without or in,
> Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
> Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection. (III, iii, 96–9)

No man is lord of anything until he communicates his parts to others; especially he is not the lord of his own proud consciousness of his worth and honour, for that depends upon reputation, and in order to keep reputation one must dwell in the time, else one grows

> Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail,
> In monumental mockery.

The argument is excellently shrewd; it would be powerless against the self-rewarding visions of a Hythlodaye, but it reduces Achilles to a sham and his honour to stupid ruffianism. For, as Ulysses observes, once entered upon the course of affairs, the leader must surrender all thoughts of appropriating the results of his actions for his private ease:

> All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
> As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord.

It is not suggested that Achilles comprehends any of this; he is moved only by the news that Ajax may surpass him in prowess of arms (i.e. by a personal not a public motive); he is turned from this new resolve by the demands of his amour, and only the death of Patroclus spurs him to seek out and slay Hector, whom he and his Myrmidons cut down in a most unchivalric manner. Achilles remains the unregenerate bravo.

There is then one solution for the dilemma of the man who puts his imagined self between his active self and his duty to the commonwealth: that he should not see any dilemma at all, only feel discomfort. He is stupid; he can be forced into action by subterfuge, and that is all. This, one may observe in passing, is not by any means a portrait of Essex.

Perhaps Plutarch's Coriolanus is. Rev. William Barlow professed to see "a fit parallel," in his notorious Paul's Cross sermon justifying the execution of Essex.[4] Whether Shakespeare took the hint or not, certainly he gave some thought to the portrayal of the patrician traitor, obviously perceiving likenesses between the character set forth in Plutarch's testy comments and his own version of Achilles.

> This man [observed Plutarch in the voice of North] also is a good proofe to confirme some mens opinions. That a rare and excellent witte untaught, doth bring forth many good and evill things together: like as a fat soile bringeth forth herbes and weedes that lieth unmanured. For this Martius naturall wit and great harte dyd marvelously sturre up his corage, to doe and attempt notable actes. But on the other side for lack of education, he was so chollericke and impacient, that he would yeld to no living creature: which made him churlishe, uncivill, and altogether unfit for any mans conversation. Yet men marveling much at his constancy, that he was never overcome with pleasure, nor money, and howe he would endure easely all manner of paynes and travailles: thereupon they well liked and commended his stowtnes and temperancie. But for all that, they could not be acquainted with him, as one cittizen useth to be with another in the cittie.[5]

[4] *A Sermon preached at Paules Crosse* (1601), sig. C3v.
[5] *Lives*, II, 144.

"They could not be acquainted with him." As Shakespeare develops this idea in dramatic terms, Coriolanus is like More's actor who is playing his own private role while another play is in progress. He is magnificent, and he expects all the applause, but he refuses to join the company. Like Achilles, he is not fitted into the processes of the body politic, but thinks of Rome as an unruly family of which he is the paragon. He expects rewards of his deserving; when these rewards are not forthcoming he feeds on his own pride.

His mother made him; his mother destroys him. "She has bred him," says Granville-Barker, "to be at once Rome's hero and Rome's enemy."[6] She sowed the seeds of pride in him, tended them with a fierce love which glories in his wounds. "First you know," says the First Citizen at the outset, "Caius Martius is chief enemy to the people. . . . He pays himself with being proud. . . . Though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue." (I, i, 6, 34, 37–41). Menenius' rebuke to the citizens, with his pleasant lecture on the body politic and its members (which, like Ulysses' speech on degree, is the criterion by which all political action is to be judged) is evoked by the bread riots and not by their criticism of Coriolanus, who, in his first appearance before the plebs, illustrates the truth of the Citizen's estimate of him by observing coldly:

> Who deserves greatness
> Deserves your hate. And your affections are
> A sick man's appetite. . . . (I, i, 180–2)

He is filled with the sense of his own deserving, which is naturally increased by his brilliant exploits against Corioli, of which we catch some flashing glimpses in the following scenes. It is in this tumultuous, excited atmosphere of the field of victory that Coriolanus appears at his best, for as victor rapt in the triumph of his arm and smarting in his wounds like a champion he has his hour. Yet even here he is not so much manly-modest as churlish and embarrassed; as he cannot bear blame he is alternately touchy and boyishly self-conscious under praise:

> I have done
> As you have done, that's what I can—induced
> As you have been, that's for my country. . . .
> I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
> To hear themselves remembered. . . .
>
> I thank you, General,

[6] *Prefaces to Shakespeare, 5th Series* (London, 1947), 28.

> But cannot make my heart consent to take
> A bribe to pay my sword. . . .
>
> I will go wash,
> And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
> Whether I blush or no. . . . (I, ix, 15–17, 28–9, 36–8, 68–70)

When he comes home crowned with the garland he turns from the cheers to his mother, and in a word to her gives one of the main clues to his subsequent behaviour:

> Know, good Mother,
> I had rather be their servant in my way,
> Than sway with them in theirs. (II, i, 218–20)

All must be "in his way," even his wounds are his own, and he fails in his pride and ignorance to perceive the symbolism of showing the wounds, which makes them Rome's wounds in him. He recoils from the ritual as from an act of shame:

> To brag unto them thus I did, and thus,
> Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
> As if I had received them for the hire
> Of their breath only. (II, ii, 151–4)

He is right, of course; it is demagoguery to show the wounds. But demagoguery is sometimes necessary; the people, blocks and stones though they may be, must have their customs. Coriolanus does not see this, because he feels himself complete in his vision of himself, and so has no patience with the processes of tradition:

> Better it is to die, better to starve
> Than crave the hire which first we do deserve. . . .
> Custom calls me to't.
> What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
> The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
> And mountainous error be too highly heaped
> For truth to o'erpeer. (II, iii, 120–8)

This is also very right, in its way. Unfortunately Coriolanus' definition of truth is his sense of his own merit. Since the nearest thing he can see to his own image is the patricians, he puts his feelings in terms of the class war:

> This double worship,
> Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
> Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
> Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
> Of general ignorance—it must omit
> Real necessities, and give way the while
> To unstable slightness. (II, i, 142–8)

The patricians are pushed into taking up the cause, bitterly but ruefully, for Menenius (the wise man) sees that Coriolanus has taken up an impossible position—

> His nature is too noble for the world—

and while castigating the plebs he apologizes for the hero:

> Consider this. He has been bred i' the wars
> Since he could draw a sword, and is ill schooled
> In bolted language. (III, i, 320–2)

Volumnia, who knows her son, recognizes the unnatural tension which distorts the self-proud hero. "You might have been enough the man you are," she tells him, "with striving less to be so." "You are too absolute." Indeed he is. Her arguments do not move him, only her love and scorn; when she scolds him as a boy is scolded he submits, but he is not cured. He is besotted with his "honour":

> I will not do't,
> Lest I surcease to honour my own truth,
> And by my body's action teach my mind
> A most inherent baseness. . . .
> Let them accuse me by invention, I
> Will answer in mine honour. (III, ii, 120–3, 143–4)

His image of himself, panoplied in honour, grows on him during the crisis, until that point is reached where this image obliterates the state. When the decree of banishment is pronounced, Coriolanus, in a tremendous paradox born of his pride, cries,

> I banish you!

After this he is the monster, the "lonely dragon" as he calls himself in grotesque pride. Having failed to accommodate himself to history, he inveighs against its course—"O world, thy slippery turns!"—and seeks asylum and revenge with Aufidius; as the triumphant tribune Brutus affirms, he is "past all thinking self-loving." This is literally true; Coriolanus has passed beyond all thinking; he is lost in his bloody vision of revenge.

It is left to Aufidius to set Coriolanus' treason in the larger frame of Shakespeare's thinking already outlined by Ulysses:

> First, he was
> A noble servant to them, but he could not
> Carry his honours even. Whether 'twas pride,
> Which out of daily fortune ever taints
> The happy man, whether defect of judgment,
> To fail in the disposing of those chances

> Which he was lord of, or whether nature,
> Not to be other than one thing, not moving
> From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
> Even with the same austerity and garb
> As he controlled the war, but one of these—
> As he hath spices of them all, not all,
> For I dare so far free him—made him feared,
> So hated, and so banished. But he has a merit
> To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
> Lie in the interpretation of the time,
> And power, unto itself most commendable,
> Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
> To extol what it hath done. (IV, vii, 35–53)

Such was Ulysses' advice to Achilles; one must live in the time, the mirror of the governor's virtue is history. In the destructive element submerge, that is the answer. This Coriolanus refuses to do, is unable to do, and as Menenius says he grows from man to dragon. Yet we have seen him magnificent in his wounds, and he has one other moment, greater than that. When his family comes to intercede with him to save Rome, before his mother melts him with her scorn, he has one speech of splendidly null magnificence:

> I'll never
> Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
> As if a man were author of himself
> And knew no other kin. (V, iii, 34–7)

Coriolanus is an austere geometrical design; *Antony and Cleopatra*[7] a multi-coloured and various canvas. Yet in the shining figure which he made of Plutarch's "plain man, without subtlety" Shakespeare saw the practical flaw in the impossibly heroic.

There is only one stage in *Troilus and Cressida* and in *Coriolanus*; two in this play. Two stages; two worlds; Rome and Egypt. Antony cannot exactly be a traitor to Rome, for he *is* Rome in one of its manifestations, the old Rome, not the political entity but the legend of manliness; he is the soldier who ate "strange flesh which some did die to look on." And when he goes, there is indeed

> nothing left remarkable
> Beneath the visiting moon.

The sensual virtuosity of Antony and Cleopatra is not only a "political" union (the whole Mediterranean world is their bed) but a realization, in the persons of an aging roué and an intrepid charmer, of the mating of gods, of Mars and Venus. Antony dies not basely,

[7] *Coriolanus* follows *Antony and Cleopatra* in the conventional dating of the plays of this period. My argument does not depend on chronology.

but like a god, and after him, in emulation of his noble act, Cleopatra becomes "fire and air," joins the "curled Antony," and for them the great Caesar is an ass indeed.

But the way to this apotheosis is the Roman way, and the Roman way resounds to the tramp of Octavius' legions. Before he donned the shirt of Nessus, Antony was defeated by the imperial statecraft. Shakespeare has shown us in the conflict of Antony and Caesar the inevitable failure of the self-deluding hero in the arena of practical politics.

It is Caesar's great strength that he adjusts himself to the times; he submits to historical process. The whole action is predestined; it is to Antony that the soothsayer appears, but Caesar has a natural insight into the course of events, and is not "troubled with the time," which overrides the life of the individual. Since he understands "these strong necessities," he is master of them and of his own political destiny. He too *is* Rome, the Rome of the future, and he knows that he cannot be the Rome of the future unless he commands the present. A practical politician, he commands by his grasp of the facts, of the realities of the immediate situation. He is so conscious of what we call the verdict of history that he relies upon documents to support his case. We first see him showing Lepidus a letter which will make clear that his opposition to Antony is based on reasons of state. He sends a memorandum to Pompey before the conference in the best diplomatic manner; he reads Rome his will, thus involving his personal destiny with that of Rome. No triumvirate sanctioned by the noisy comradeship of a drinking party can bind him, and he quite properly regards Antony's challenge to personal combat as silly. Moved indeed at the death of Antony, he turns at once to justify his own proceedings by the evidence of the correspondence.

Antony is "a profoundly self-indulgent character" who trusts "his natural gifts to carry him through a crisis."[8] In other words, he depends upon his own vision of himself, like Achilles and Coriolanus. The soothsayer says to him:

> Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
> Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
> Where Caesar's is not. But near him thy angel
> Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered. (II, iii, 19–22)

His "demon" is his honour. He is sensitive when he is not paid his "terms of honour." "If I lose mine honour," he says, "I lose myself." From the fateful moment of the flight from Actium, he entirely mis-

[8]David Cecil, *Poets and Story-Tellers* (London, 1949), 13.

understands Caesar; he reduces the clash of empires to personal terms—

> He at Philippi kept
> His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
> The lean and wrinkled Cassius.

He would be "a private man in Athens." He has Thyreus the diplomat whipped. He "will appear in blood." As Enobarbus puts it,

> A diminution in our captain's brain
> Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
> It eats the sword it fights with. (III, xiii, 198–200)

The medicine for his "dying honour" is blood, which "shall make it live again." By a great irony, it is his own blood which deifies his honour, as he passes out of history into epic. The political legatee is Caesar, the practical politician, who has taken care that he should be vindicated before the tribunal of history, while Antony couches on immortal flowers with Cleopatra.

To Shakespeare as to More, and with more reason, politics appeared as a great play, the world of affairs a great stage whereon moved great persons. The costumes were rich, the dialogue impressive, the plot tense and complicated. To be successful in politics one must be a consummate actor, as Elizabeth was. To be such an actor one must follow the script, what Shakespeare in another place called "the necessary business of the play." Ad libbing is fatal: glorious or unseemly, still fatal. And who is the playwright? The playwright writes sometimes under the pseudonym of Fortune, but is really Providence, source of that order described by Ulysses and Menenius.

And yet Shakespeare's imagination is not contained in this pattern. We know that Caesar's world, for example, is only a parody of justice, that Coriolanus' pride has an austere and monolithic beauty, that even the irresponsible Achilles has the athletic splendour of a resting gladiator. Men are capable of more (and less) than justice; they can achieve the wonderful innocence of animals, and of gods.

THEME AND TECHNIQUE IN THE *PHILOCTETES* AND *OEDIPUS* OF ANDRÉ GIDE

D. J. CONACHER

WITHIN the past few decades, French authors have produced a surprising number of new dramas based on those ancient myths which the Greek tragedians first made famous. This phenomenon is all the more interesting in that the idea of man which appears in these contemporary productions is at the farthest remove from the idea of man expressed in the Greek tragedies from which, for the most part, they take their plots. Aeschylus and Sophocles, despite the radical differences in their conceptions of the tragic, both produced tragedies based on a view of man as part of a larger system over whose fundamental operations he had little control. Limited areas of freedom, limited possibilities of right and wrong, of happiness and misery, were allowed to man within that system, but the ultimate ordinance and the ultimate directive were considered the prerogative of a higher order; whether, in individual cases, that governance was regarded as "the gods," "a certain god," "*the* God" or an all-accomplishing *Moira*, matters little in the present argument. Aeschylus, at his most cosmic level (in the *Prometheus Bound*, for example, and, presumably, in the lost sequence of the trilogy) presented imaginative conceptions of the origins and the development of this universal order; for the rest, he devoted himself to dramatic demonstrations of the essential justice governing the relations of God and man within it. Sophocles, it is true, was more interested in man "for his own sake" but the new humanism of the Sophoclean hero was still strongly qualified by the divine framework—the god-given circumstances and the god-given laws—within which, still with a measure of freedom, that hero must act and suffer. Even Euripides, iconoclast though he was, in many respects, did not quite abandon the idea of a system beyond man's control, within which his heroes must operate. His iconoclasm was directed against the traditional and literal understanding of Greek mythology rather than against the meanings of that mythology itself. Hence, he provided a better understanding of those forces, no longer in Euripides theologically "divine," with which man must come to terms or be destroyed.[1]

[1]They might be called "divine" in the broader sense in which the Greeks used the word of anything marvellous, particularly for things in life observed to be constant and enduring and thus reminiscent of that immortality by which the gods, particularly, were distinguished. On the other hand, when Euripides indicated that the reality which an Aphrodite or a Dionysus represented was not that of a god, he was not necessarily being atheistic. In showing what could not be "gods," he gives us a fair picture, at least by implication, of what he thought a god should be.

Thus the classical treatment of Greek myth stresses the limitations of man and presents his destiny within a system to which he must, at worst, submit with groans or, at best, be reconciled. Most contemporary French treatments, on the other hand, seek to express the *freedom* of man, in spite of circumstances which make that freedom only heroically attainable. This recurrent theme takes many forms, depending both on the philosophical position and on the dramatic conceptions of the author. Sometimes we find our mythical heroes engaged in revolt against an unholy alliance of divine and temporal powers or against a priestly conspiracy which seeks to impose a false image of God.[2] Again, if the issue of freedom be approached from a different direction, we may find a Kirkegaardian Greek upholding a private ethical ideal in the face of a public moral sanction.[3] The anti-clerical tradition dies hard in France.

With such differences between the modern and the classical temper, the current re-adaptations of Greek myths as embedded in the plots of classical Greek tragedy may seem perverse. But the richest myths are fields which may be sown again and again, yielding, on different occasions, crops as varied as the different seeds which are sown in them. Thus, each of the moderns is, in this respect, using myth in the way that each of the Greek tragedians used it—to express his own ideas. The present paper, however, is less concerned with the motive of the playwright than with his results and with the means by which he achieves those results. Both in technique and in final effect, the *Philoctetes* and the *Oedipus* of Gide suggest interesting points of comparison with each other and of contrast to their Sophoclean "originals."[4] We may, perhaps, anticipate more detailed comment with a few general observations.

Considered in comparison with Sophocles' tragedies, both these plays of Gide strike the reader as erring on the side of "philosophic drama." In a Sophoclean tragedy, form and content complement each other so successfully that the full meaning of the whole usually eludes expression in any other form. There it may truly be said that

[2]Cf., for example, Sartre's *Les Mouches*, Obey's *Une Fille pour du vent* and Gide's *Oedipe*, though all of these plays differ greatly from one another in the *basis* of the revolt depicted.

[3]Cf., again with the reservations mentioned in the preceding note, Gide's *Philoctète* and Anouilh's *Antigone*.

[4]André Gide, *Philoctète*, in *Le Théâtre complet d'André Gide* (Neuchatel et Paris: Ides et Calendes, 1947), I, 145ff., and *Oedipe*, in *Théâtre* (Paris: Gallimard, 1942), 249ff. *Philoctète* was written in 1898, *Oedipe* in 1930. In the present paper, I have used my own translations for quotations from the *Philoctète* but for quotations from *Oedipe* I have used the translation of John Russell in *Oedipus and Theseus* (London: Secker and Warburg, 1950), which seems to me to be particularly successful in reproducing the tone of the original.

the meaning is realized, and can only be realized, in the concrete dramatic situation which is its form. But in the *Philoctetes* and *Oedipus* of Gide, that dramatic form—the doings and sufferings of actual people on the stage—tends to be outweighed (in practical terms, "outworded") by the meaning it seeks to express: the universal impinges on, rather than stands behind, the particular.

Nevertheless, the new meanings which Gide finds in the myths of Oedipus and Philoctetes are, in themselves, interesting and, particularly in the *Oedipus*, great technical virtuosity is displayed in their expression. In the devices of adaptation, certain remarkable similarities may be noted. In both plays, a change in the original motivation of the hero (his "mainspring," as it were) is the key to the new meaning which evolves. In both plays, this new motivation arises from a new element in the hero's experience prior to the beginning of the play. Finally, in both plays, a new twist is given to the plot by introducing a single change in the sequence of the hero's long progression from ignorance to knowledge. In the case of the *Oedipus*, this change in the sequence of the hero's discoveries coincides with the new feature of the hero's past experience. The following analysis of the plays concerned should illustrate the general points already noted.

II

Of the various myths of Greek antiquity, the legend of Philoctetes must surely appear one of the most promising to the writer in search of a striking form in which to present the new through the old. The classic simplicity of the story and the classic irony of the situation are such that any sensitive telling of it is assured of certain almost ready-made effects both dramatic and pathetic; in addition to these obvious attractions, moreover, the legend implies a large, uncharted area of the hero's experience which may be exploited to suit any newly chosen theme. A brief summary of the "facts of the legend" should suffice to illustrate these features.

Philoctetes, a Greek chieftain in the famous expedition against Troy, has been abandoned on a desolate northern isle: incurably afflicted with a snake-bite, he had so demoralized the company by the agony of his cries and the stench of his wound that the leaders elected, in the interests of the expedition, to sail on to Troy without him. Now, years after the abandonment, Calchas the prophet declares to the Greeks at Troy that the gods will never grant the conquest of the city without the use of the famous bow of Heracles—Philoctetes' weapon and his only staff and solace in his exile. Neoptolemus

(son of the deceased Achilles, Philoctetes' friend) and the wily Odysseus are dispatched to the island to obtain the bow by fair means or foul. Through the sympathy and "fair play" of Neoptolemus, foul means fail; Philoctetes gains the upper hand over Odysseus and with him lies the fate of his enemies, the Greeks at Troy. At first, triumphant in revenge, Philoctetes decides against the Greeks but eventually he yields. With his famous bow he accompanies the Greeks to Troy, there to fulfil the destiny which has been prophesied.

So much for the bare events of the legend as they appear in Sophocles' version. The Sophoclean theme is a study of motives, character, and the struggle between conflicting loyalties. This conflict arises first in the young idealist Neoptolemus, torn in one direction by the cunning patriotism of Odysseus, in another by his own sense of honour and his sympathy for the suffering Philoctetes. When Neoptolemus decides in favour of Philoctetes, the conflict is repeated in the *agon* of the hero himself. Finally, his determination not to be loyal to the hated leaders breaks before a higher loyalty: obedience to the gods and the fulfilment of his destiny. Despite the simplicity of the main story, Sophocles does introduce several minor complications and Odyssean duplicities; the main effect of these is to increase the tension of Neoptolemus' inward struggle, as he watches the agonies of Philoctetes, and so to intensify the suspense of the audience until his ultimate decision. Of "the years between"—the thoughts and experience of Philoctetes in his lonely exile—Sophocles has little need. For this long night of loneliness, his hero emerges with but a single thought: the longing for home by any route but Troy.

Unlike Sophocles, Gide exploits to the full the lonely experience of his hero just prior to the action of the play. Indeed, that action itself gives an ironic demonstration in public, in a "social situation," of a truth discovered by the hero in his solitude: that *only* in solitude can virtue be understood and realized. The irony lies in the fact that it is Philoctetes himself who attempts, with increasing desperation, first to express and then, failing expression, to demonstrate that secret virtue which must, of its very nature, dissolve in public.

This theme, it will be agreed, differs radically from that of Sophocles; yet, with one exception, the literal action of Gide's play (the unwilling conspiracy of Neoptolemus with Ulysses; the defection of Neoptolemus and his warning of Philoctetes; the delayed decision of Philoctetes to let the Greeks have the bow; even the overpowering, crucial sleep of Philoctetes, while the bow is taken[5]) includes nothing

[5]Here, as we shall see, the *circumstances* are rather different from those of Sophocles' play.

which is not "in the Greek." It is the new motivation of the hero—his desire to show his secret—which so informs this action as to express through it a different theme.

To the ideal virtue of Philoctetes, Gide opposes the pragmatic, somewhat sophistic virtue of Ulysses. The latter is expressed in Ulysses' explanation to Neoptolemus of their mission. Dirty business though it is, Ulysses easily relates "the Philoctetes job" to virtue: virtue consists in obedience to the gods and in duty to one's country. As for the wrong to Philoctetes, that, too, can be reconciled: only by yielding the bow can Philoctetes be made pleasing to the gods; thus, by force or guile, he must be helped to help himself.

The struggle of Philoctetes with his enemy is expressed in three movements, corresponding to the three central acts of the drama. The first movement presents the hero in his innocence, unaware of the purpose of the embassy, unaware that Ulysses, with his ironic courtesy, is searching for the best means to win the bow. Here, then, before he is consciously engaged in the situation, we learn something of the hero's inexpressible ideal.

Ulysses soon perceives, according to his lights, that he is dealing with a madman and a crank. First, there is the heretical statement about virtue—that only in solitude can it be comprehended. Equally shocking to Ulysses are the statements about words (". . . most beautiful when not enslaved to ends!") and the subversive boast, ". . . from day to day less Greek, more man!" Finally, Philoctetes succeeds in expressing something of the mystic's joy in solitary contemplation of God and Truth: "I want no shading from the rays of Zeus. May they traverse me, Ulysses! I will be their prism and may their refracted light make my acts adorable . . . and would that you, in seeing me act, may sense the light yourself!"

Doubtless Ulysses has stopped listening long before this but he has learned all he needs to know. Philoctetes, with these mad views, will not be amenable to practical arguments based on the national interest and on the more traditional style of divine revelation. Moreover, Ulysses has found the hermit's weakness: he craves an audience. Neoptolemus, boy-like, already seems impressed. "Talk with him; *he* will listen to you," says Ulysses, and leaves his protêgé to become the bowman's confidant.

Philoctetes has still to come in serious conflict with the "virtue" of Ulysses. No academic conflict will suffice, for it is in "life among others" that the hermit's virtue must founder. It is for this reason that Gide makes his one departure from the Sophoclean version of "the facts." After the first encounter with the Greeks, Philoctetes

accidentally learns the true purpose of their visit: from this point, the hero loses his innocence; he is once more involved in the struggle for existence. As in Sophocles, the first fall in the contest between Ulysses and Philoctetes depends on the allegiance of Neoptolemus; but, while Neoptolemus' choice in Sophocles is largely an affair of honour and of the emotions, in Gide it is largely philosophic. Which of his elders, asks Neoptolemus, can show him what virtue is?

The second phase of Gide's tragedy is brief and poignant: it is concerned entirely with the attempt of Neoptolemus to wrest the secret of virtue from the wary and disillusioned Philoctetes. Try as he will, the hero can no longer talk of virtue, save for one muttered word of definition, "one-self!"—which Neoptolemus fails to catch. Discouraged, the boy is ready to believe Ulysses' scornful comment, "What use is solitary virtue?"—but he gives the hero one more chance. He warns him that he has been sent to drug him and take the bow. Plunged deeper in the moral situation which corrupts him, Philoctetes drinks the drug.

The soliloquy of Philoctetes, before the drug overcomes him, comprises the last movement of his tragedy. Here we discover the motive of his act: the desire to show, by his self-secrifice, that his virtue is greater than his adversary's. Then, to his horror, he realizes that Ulysses will confuse this act with sacrifice for Greece and will equate his virtue with his own. The anguish of this thought shows Philoctetes the true motive of his "virtuous" act: "Pride . . . that's what they call virtue. Virtue! I believe in it no longer." He falls asleep; Neoptolemus and Ulysses return and depart with the bow.

With this symbolic death of the hero (more precisely, it is the hero's virtue which has died), the tragic action of the play is over. Here, too, the "syllogism on virtue" is complete. Philoctetes has stated the major premiss in his opening speech: "The man who lives among others is incapable of a pure, disinterested act"; his own situation states the minor premiss and his tragic failure, the conclusion. Ironically, the hero himself, "the one who knows," is the unwitting agent in this demonstration and his own desperate attempts to interrupt the syllogism underline this tragic irony.

This somewhat facile formulation does, perhaps, caricature the academic quality in Gide's *Philoctetes*, but it is this "unreal" neatness which strikes one most in contrast with the tragic actuality of Sophocles. However, the play is not without its emotional weave, its poetic overtones, and it is these which find their fulfilment in the final "transformation scene" which stands a little outside the action proper.

When the embassy first approaches the home of Philoctetes, the appearance of the hero is heralded by an ambiguous sound:

Ulysses: Listen! I hear the anguished cry of Philoctetes, the cry that drove us seas away from him!
Neoptolemus: You err; I hear a clear, sweet-sounding song.
[They listen]
Neoptolemus: And now the song has changed to groans.
Ulysses: He knows we've come.

The symbolism of this little passage looks both backwards and forwards. Ulysses hears groans because groans were what he last heard from the wounded Philoctetes and groans will be what he hears when he sails away again. Neoptolemus, innocent now and later with regard to Philoctetes, is allowed a brief impression of the hero's happiness—in solitude. But the groans must end the symbol, for, as the sequel shows, groans must always be the hero's lot in company.

At the opening of the second act, we are back on the literal level: a happy Philoctetes appears, the product of his years of solitude. Ulysses, puzzled by the absence of the familiar groans, is told that the expression, the communication, of pain becomes irrelevant in solitude; song comes instead for solace, and the beauty of words and then of ideas, when freed from practice, leads to truth. But soon the hermit's serenity is tinged by the poison of communication: "Wherever I go and always, I am the son of Greece. Moreover, when I see you. . . . Achilles, is he dead, Ulysses?" This is the first question in the new involvement and now it is with the son of Achilles that the mood of frustration and the slow loss of serenity set in. Soon the joyful loquacity of Philoctetes trails off into inarticulate silence. Finally, with the self-discovery, the loss of virtue, the cry of anguish returns again, as the tragedy of Philoctetes is consummated.

The transformation scene is brief. Philoctetes awakes in solitude.

Philoctetes: They will return no more; they have no longer any bow to take. . . . I am happy. (His voice has become very beautiful and soft; flowers around him pierce the snow and the birds of heaven descend to nourish him.)

As before, the hero's anguish has purchased his deliverance: his solitude. The saving irony provides the happy ending, as virtue rises Phoenix-like from the embers of its sacrifice. We are reminded of the symbol of the groan and the song.

III

Sophocles' version of the tragedy of Oedipus is too well known to need summarizing here. Some choice, however, among its various

interpretations[6] should, perhaps, be indicated before we consider certain contrasts which Gide's *Oedipus* provides.

No view of the myth of Oedipus could find the hero morally guilty of parricide and incest. Oedipus has done nothing to deserve his awful fate but, once the true nature of his unwitting acts has been discovered, his suffering is automatic: he is polluted, whether he deserves his fate or not. Sophocles, accepting the given material of the myth, succeeds in giving it a highly dramatic and, in a limited sense, moral, significance in this way: he makes the *discovery* (which, in one sense, *is* the tragedy) arise out of a fault in the hero's character as it appears in the action of the drama. Throughout the play, Sophocles takes pains to show the *hybris* of his hero: in three separate episodes Oedipus indulges his anger in hasty and unfounded charges against, successively, Tiresias, Creon, and even his own wife, Jocasta, when the latter, with belated awareness, seeks to keep him from the knowledge of his birth. Of these three incidents, the treatment of the holy man (combined with the King's slighting attitude to traditional piety and priestly powers) was the one most calculated to shock a Greek audience. Sophocles underlines this effect of *hybris* when he has the chorus of Theban elders condemn this dangerous trait even while, in all fairness, they praise the merits of the King.[7] It is this outrage against Tiresias which goads the latter to make the first of the fatal revelations, the charge which, though Oedipus rejects it, first sets him upon the fatal track. Finally, it is this same hybristic blindness which causes Oedipus to fail, till the very brink of sure discovery, to see that *he* can be the guilty one.

Of the justice of the whole unhappy fate of Oedipus (a fate which, whatever his character, he could not have avoided), Sophocles says nothing. For Sophocles, the gods are beyond questioning; in this particular context, that is perhaps another way of saying that the pattern of life and the terrible things that *do* happen in it are beyond question.[8] In general terms, if the *Oedipus Rex* has a "lesson," it is that, even to the most "seeming-prosperous," as the Chorus puts it, such things can happen—that fact and the reminder that one can

[6]The following comments (which consider only one aspect of the play) do represent my own view but it is difficult to claim originality for any approach to a subject which has been so thoroughly discussed.

[7]See the choral ode at ll. 863–910, particularly ll. 873–81.

[8]It is important to realize that apparently incalculable horrors are, to Sophocles' mind, a part of this pattern—"apparently incalculable" only because we do not always see the whole pattern. As Kitto, who holds this view, puts it, "Oedipus is blasted as a man may be who inadvertently interferes with the natural flow of electricity." More of the pattern may be seen if we refer, as Oedipus does in the *Oedipus at Colonus*, to the gods' anger with his family, but with the "why" of his hero's misfortunes Sophocles is not concerned in the present play. Cf. H. D. F. Kitto, *Greek Tragedy* (London: Methuen, 1950), 141, 145.

never be too sure of oneself; one can never, as Oedipus tended to do, leave the gods and the unseen part of the pattern out of account.

In Sophocles' presentation of the tragic fall of Oedipus from great prosperity to utter misery, the self-confidence and the complacency of Oedipus play their part. When angered with Tiresias, the King's first taunt is that not the prophet, with his augury, but he, Oedipus, with his "mother-wit," solved the riddle of the Sphinx.[9] Again, when Oedipus discovers that he is not the son of King Polybus of Corinth, he has a brief moment of glory in his supposed bastard-birth: he boasts that he must be "the child of Fortune"—witness the fact that he has risen from nothing to be king of Thebes. But the disillusionment of self-glorification is not, in Sophocles' play, the tragic element in Oedipus' fall. In the first instance, the dramatic value of Oedipus' taunt to Tiresias lies in the irony that Oedipus, reader of riddles, fails to read his own. In the second instance, the "child of Fortune passage," Oedipus' glory in his supposed bastardy occupies but a moment of the play and is introduced for its ironic contrast with the dreadful discovery of his birth which follows almost immediately. Again the Chorus underlines this point by elaborating, in the intervening ode (ll. 1098ff.), this fantasy of hallowed origins.

Thus, in Sophocles, the manner of Oedipus' discovery is everything and all other elements—the blind self-confidence of the hero, the complications, the ironic misinterpretations, the various shifts in direction which eventually lead to the single scene of recognition—are but essential parts in this intensely dramatic evolution.

The casual tone of Gide's *Oedipus* and the author's consistent refusal to exploit the dramatic possibilities of the story suggest an awareness, on Gide's part, of the kind of achievement which Sophocles' treatment of the Oedipus myth has long ago rendered incontestable. This awareness, however, does not prevent Gide from presenting, sometimes at the expense of Sophocles' masterpiece, an ironic version of the tragedy which, both in technique and statement, achieves distinctive effects of its own.

The theme of Gide's *Oedipus* is heralded in the hero's opening speech:

> I am Oedipus. Forty years old and twenty years a King. With my own strong arm I have pulled myself up to the highest point of happiness. A waif and a foundling, without papers of citizenship, I am glad above all that I owe nothing to anyone but myself. Happiness was not given to me; I conquered it.

[9]It is this triumph, of course, which has brought Oedipus to the pinnacle of power in Thebes, at which we see him at the opening of the play.

Here we see that one aspect of Sophocles' Oedipus has been transformed to make the whole man. To develop in his hero the kind of complacency which his theme requires, Gide gives it two ingredients not found in Sophocles. One is the hero's discovery, *before setting out from Corinth*, that he is not the son of Polybus. The other is the precise nature of his answer to the riddle of the Sphinx. In his supposed bastardy, Oedipus found the "challenge to excel"; in his answer to the Sphinx, he thinks he sees the secret of his greatness. This answer has for Oedipus a symbolic meaning later to inform his tragic fall from happiness:

> It was I and I alone who understood that the only password, if one didn't want to be eaten alive by the Sphinx, was *Man*. . . . My strength was that I would admit of no other answer, no matter what the question might be. . . .
>
> . . . there is only one answer to those many and varied questions . . . Man; and . . . this one man, for each and all of us, is: oneself.

So much for the ingredients of Oedipus' complacent pride. Against it are ranked Tiresias, the Chorus of citizens and, at first, Antigone; these favour priest-direction, priest-craft, and a more submissive piety than the King will deign to show.

In Sophocles' play, Tiresias' attitude to the King's prosperity springs from his awareness of the truth, and his first fateful relevation of the King's real situation comes as a natural reaction to the latter's insults. Gide's presentation has no need of a violent Oedipus but does require a less disinterested seer. As a priest, Gide's Tiresias is presented, from first to last, as the professional enemy of earthly happiness. Since his authority is based on fear of God, he seeks to make a breach in the godless complacency of Oedipus.

To achieve this end, Tiresias questions Oedipus on his abandonment of God. In the King's answers, the further departures from the Sophoclean version develop the symbolism of Oedipus' dealings with the Sphinx. Alarmed by a soothsayer's prophecy, the young Oedipus had set out from Corinth to discover his parentage from the Delphic oracle. On his way, he slew a stranger who barred his path; with sullied hands (so he now tells Tiresias) he dared not approach the God. Then "suddenly I realized that that very ignorance [of his parentage] could be the source of my strength." Oedipus changed his direction and took the road which led him to the Sphinx. The Sphinx stands for the riddle of life which Oedipus has chosen to answer for himself.

It is said that an expert priest is a good psychiatrist: Tiresias proceeds to operate on the King's complacent account of his

abandonment of God. By one comment—"After the murder"—Tiresias shows Oedipus his real motive in avoiding the answer of the Oracle: the hidden fear, based on the soothsayer's tale, that the murdered stranger should prove to be his father. One revelation—that Laius, too, had received the dreadful prophecy—hints that the hidden fear was true. This sudden epiphany, released by the priestly probing, shatters the complacent happiness of Oedipus:

> One must stop to think . . . now I even think it was my crime which first sent me off to meet the Sphinx. For what does one look to God? For answers. . . . But since [the victory over the Sphinx] what have you done, Oedipus? Dulled by my own rewards, I had been twenty years asleep. But now . . . a great destiny awaits me, lurking somewhere in the shadows of the evening. Oedipus, your days of tranquillity are over. You must awake from happiness.

In Gide's *Oedipus*, the tragic discovery is effected swiftly, with none of the dramatic suspense of Sophocles. Once alerted by the brief exchange with Tiresias, Oedipus reaches the truth of the parricide and the mother-marriage almost unaided: his questions to Jocasta soon turn into assertions which she can bring herself neither to affirm nor to deny. The tragedy of this discovery lies not so much in the facts of the parricide and incest as in the bitter realization of the hero that he is not, after all, the self-made man he thought he was, that his present happiness is neither his, nor present, nor happiness, but a delusion, based on a past not of his own making. "In vain did the future call to me. Jocasta drew me backward. . . ."

The response of Gide's Oedipus to "the consolations of religion" now offered by Tiresias contrasts sharply with the closing passages of Sophocles' tragedy. There, hero and chorus join in a threnody bewailing the delusive quality of human happiness, the vileness of Oedipus' unwitting deeds, and his hatefulness in the sight of gods and men. But Gide's Oedipus rebukes the gods, both for the ambush which, before his birth, awaited him and for the self-confident delusion of his whole career. In place of the meaningless repentance urged by Tiresias, he seeks "some new form of unhappiness—some mad gesture to astonish you all, and astonish myself and astonish the gods." This gesture he finds in the act of blinding himself. Thus Oedipus retains—indeed, for the first time actually achieves—his independence of the God. Even in disillusionment, he does not abandon his ideal of self-fulfilment which, once his fault of hiding from the past is cleared away, acquires a new validity in suffering. Sophocles' Oedipus blinds himself because he cannot bear to see, in this world, his incestuous brood or, in the next, his parents. Gide's

Oedipus punishes his eyes for not realizing the fool's paradise in which he lived.

This vindication of Oedipus is emphasized by a final exchange between the hero and the Chorus, whose indecent eagerness to be rid of the King exceeds the conventional Greek acceptance of what must be done with polluted citizens. At the last minute, Tiresias announces a new revelation from the gods that great blessings will befall the country which harbours the bones of Oedipus.[10] With the insensitive eagerness they have shown before, the Chorus now begs the King to stay with his "dear Thebans." But Oedipus, broken as he is, is finally the winner: he is free to leave the city which a moment before exiled him so cheerfully—"and all that bound me to the past is broken." Maimed and disillusioned, he will at least live out the evening of his life in the freedom in which he thought he was living all along, bringing happiness *to some stranger race*, at the price of his sufferings. Tiresias is left to explain to the Thebans the theme, "Happiness is not salvation," which he has argued all along.

Gide, writing neither an interpretation nor a correction of Sophocles but a new play, does not accept the Sophoclean attitude to "things as they are." He sees in Oedipus a hero with an ambition born of a worthy ideal and, given a modern view of the facts, he is justified in presenting him as unfairly duped by God. His self-delusion apart (and for this, in exasperation, he blinds himself), Oedipus is, on Gide's showing, right in his ideal; that is why, despite the necessary catastrophe, he is allowed to depart with a measure of triumph at the end.

Nevertheless, it is impossible, today, to write a play on Oedipus without facing various *partis pris* in an audience well versed in the various interpretations both of the myth and of Sophocles' treatment of it. Many of these will be valid in their own right but none of them, if Gide has something new to say, will be entirely valid for the present play. Gide meets this difficulty within the action of his play: having emphasized one element in the Sophoclean *Oedipus*, he pits it against the other elements in a dialectic destructive to other meanings but productive of his own. With some irony, he allows interpretations false to his meaning, both of the myth and of the hero's character, to appear in the words and attitudes of those whom the action of the play discredits.

It is this unusual device which accounts for certain passages which at first seem irrelevant or, at least, banal and inappropriate. Through-

[10]Oedipus, as the anthropologists would tell us, has *mana* in that, God-cursed and self-cursed, he has drawn off on himself all the evil which could afflict the community.

out the play, the remarks of Creon and the Chorus are distinguished by their vulgarity and by their insensitive misunderstanding both of the character of Oedipus and of the tragic action which they witness. At times, Gide overdoes this satire, but in the closing scenes of the play, the dramatist's intention becomes clear. Consider, for example, Creon's reaction to the news of Oedipus' parentage:

> Well, upon my word! What's that I hear? That would make my sister his mother! Oedipus, whom I thought so much of! I can't imagine anything more abominable! Not to know if he's my brother-in-law or my nephew!

In Sophocles, the discovery of the incestuous marriage—long anticipated in a series of subtle and terrible word-plays—is the chief horror of the tragic peripety. Why does Gide leave comment on this aspect of the discovery to the insignificant Creon? (Oedipus himself practically dismisses it). And why is that comment made in such ludicrously non-tragic terms? Precisely to underline the point that the incestuous marriage is not *in itself* an essential element in *this* tragedy —and possibly to poke fun at those who come to it looking for one more version of the "Oedipus-complex" theme.

To the Chorus is left another interpretation of the tragedy of Oedipus which is uncongenial to Gide's treatment of it. In its opening statement, the Chorus has shown itself opposed, for sound civic reasons, to the aggressive individualism of Oedipus. Here and elsewhere, the incongruity of the choral comments[11] predisposes us to disagree with the Chorus's view of the tragedy, as it is expressed in the following exchange:

Double Chorus (in antiphony):
—And then there is the murder of Laius of which Oedipus, his son, was guilty.
—And which Oedipus himself was sworn to revenge.
—Ah! he's put himself in the red there and no mistake.[12]
—The judge must arraign himself, and has appointed himself as the victim.
—Doubtless nothing less than a king would have satisfied the gods—so great was our misfortune.
—Besides, its natural, isn't it, that a king should sacrifice himself for his people?
—Yes, if that sacrifice is to deliver us from our woes.

[11]E.g. "We, the Chorus, whose particular function in this play is to represent the opinion of the majority. . . . Of course, it is a good thing to be on the side of the gods. But the surest way is to be on the side of the priests. . . . We shall try with inexpensive sacrifices and well directed prayers to earn [the gods'] indulgence. . . ." It is in these and similar instances that Gide tends, as we have suggested, to overdo his satirical presentation of the Chorus's role.

[12]The "vulgar" idiom is in the French as well: "On peut dire qu'il s'est mis là dans de mauvais draps."

Now it is clear from the nature of Oedipus' ideal and from the hero's final departure, in accordance with it, at the expense of Thebes, that civic salvation is not a feature of the tragedy as Gide presents it. It is interesting to note, however, that several highly respected critics do consider this the chief significance of Sophocles' *Oedipus*, viewed as a ritual drama.[13] But the callous vulgarity with which Gide's Chorus expresses the idea makes a mockery of this interpretation in the present instance.

One more series of passages needs to be considered in distinguishing the new meaning of Gide's *Oedipus*. Four scenes witnessed by Creon and Oedipus from the back of the stage reveal incestuous impulses between the two pairs of Oedipus' children (Polynices and Antigone, Eteocles and Ismene) with Antigone alone appearing as innocent of this motivation. A bond equally sinister appears between the two sons of Oedipus: they both declare themselves as thoroughgoing little nihilists, each, as Eteocles bluntly puts it, looking for the "freedom to behave indecently." Indirectly these scenes assist in the characterization of Oedipus in that they express Oedipus' own relation with each of his children. Physically, of course, that relation is incestuous in its origin: thus it may be partly for the sake of the anticipatory irony involved that Gide has his hero witness the incestuous approaches of his children. But the more important relation between Oedipus and his children is, in the case of his sons, intellectual and moral, in the case of Antigone, spiritual. (We may pass over Ismene whom Oedipus himself dismisses as too young to understand.)

Both Creon and Tiresias comment repeatedly on the similarity between the genius of Oedipus and that of his sons, and Oedipus himself welcomes their iconoclastic rejection of Tiresias' pious orthodoxy with the cry, "Well said! I recognize you as my sons." But the individualism of Oedipus, his longing for freedom from past tradition, proves, by his own account of it, to be of a different nature from that of his sons. He reproves them for their designs on their sisters with the reminder that "to grow up, one must look far beyond oneself." His own individualism involves more than personal pleasure: it looks forward to the goal of civilization, "when earth will be peopled by a race of men owing allegiance to no one." The sequel suggests that the passage on the sons of Oedipus is included mainly to

[13]For a discussion of the original aims of the ritual back of Greek tragedy, see Jane Harrison, *Themis* (Cambridge, 1912), chap. II; cf. also Gilbert Murray's "Excursus on the Ritual Forms Preserved in Greek Tragedy," *ibid.*, 341–63, particularly p. 358 for the application of this thesis to Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*. These studies, it is true, consider the subject with reference to Greek drama in general. The best contemporary development of this view as applied to Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* is in Francis Ferguson's *Idea of a Theatre* (Princeton University

distinguish the self-realization which is Oedipus' ideal from the mere self-gratification represented in his sons' imitation of him.[14] When at the end of the play, Tiresias, muttering "like father, like son," points with satisfaction to the callous readiness of the sons to succeed the fallen king, Oedipus corrects the half-truth of the asserted likeness: "They have picked out from my example merely what flatters them—authority and license—and let slip what is best and most difficult—self-discipline."

We come finally to the relation between Oedipus and Antigone. Throughout the main action of the play, Antigone, under the influence of Tiresias, is aligned with the official opposition to the ungodly individualism of her father. Oedipus, for his part, finds little to his liking in her pious attitude and he reacts with horror to her decision to become a vestal virgin. But Antigone undergoes a "change of fortune" with her father: after the tragic discovery of Oedipus, she rejects the God of Tiresias and recognizes, with the insight of true holiness, that the God-smitten Oedipus is a more sacred figure than the priest. "In escaping from you, Tiresias, I shall remain faithful to God. It even seems to me that I shall serve Him better by following my father."

This judgment by Antigone serves to underline the superiority of Gide's Oedipus to the oracles, the pieties, the human self-abasements which Tiresias' image of the God entails and which the hero, unsuccessfully until the end, has spent his life resisting. It is a judgment far removed from Sophocles.

Press, 1949), 26–32. See especially pp. 26–7: "The clue to Sophocles' dramatizing of the myth of Oedipus is to be found in this ancient ritual [of the year-god] . . . the figure of Oedipus himself fulfils all the requirements of the scapegoat, the dismembered King or god-figure . . .," and p. 28: "Oedipus is shown seeking his own true being; but at the same time, and by the same token, the welfare of the city"—a statement which, however true of Sophocles' *Oedipus*, would certainly not apply to Gide's.

[14]This view need not deprecate, as a dramatic point, the unconscious irony of Oedipus' advice to "look far beyond oneself": the tragic discovery, which this remark anticipates, is to prove that Oedipus has unwittingly done what he warns his sons against.

MILTON'S HELL REVISITED

ERNEST SCHANZER

THERE are, as every reader knows, two Hells in *Paradise Lost*. There is the geographical and there is the spiritual Hell, Hell the macrocosm and Hell the microcosm, the Hell which is the abode of the fallen angels and the Hell which these angels have created in their own minds. The one is self-created and self-imposed, the other is created and imposed by God. Much the same, of course, is true of Heaven, Paradise, and Chaos. Always in *Paradise Lost* there is this close relation between microcosm and macrocosm, between the mind of man or the angels and their dwelling-place. Thus, when a state of mental chaos succeeds to the paradisal state of mind in Adam and Eve, God imposes a corresponding measure of Chaos upon the Universe. When Satan and his followers create a state of Hell in their own minds they are expelled into a region which in material terms mirrors their mental state. The actual fall from Heaven of Satan and his legions is thus merely the geographical adjustment to an already accomplished series of spiritual events. And there are other factors which bear out this interrelation of mental and geographical facts in the poem: the movement from the mental Heaven or Paradise to the mental Hell is an outward-going movement, a movement from the centre to the periphery, from God to the Self. For Milton wishes to show that the movement from God to the Self leads inevitably towards isolation which will land us sooner or later in a region as remote as possible from the Universe of light and love and joy, in a region which goes by the name of Hell. The mental Hell is thus essentially marginal. And therefore Milton locates the abode of Hell "in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos," as remote as possible from the light of Heaven. On the other hand, God is placed on a mount in the very centre of Heaven, while Paradise is on a mount in the centre of Eden, which itself is in the centre of the Universe. And on the fall of Adam and Eve their mental movement from the centre to the periphery, from God to the Self, is accompanied by its geographical equivalent in their descent from Paradise into Eden. It is both a downward and an outward movement, like that of Satan, only of much less magnitude, just as the extent of their mental movement towards the periphery is much less than that of Satan. Bearing then in mind the consistent parallelism of mental and geographical facts throughout *Paradise Lost*, let us now consider the macrocosm of Hell.

Vol. XXIV, no. 2, Jan., 1955

It is one of God's creations and is thus like the Empyrean and the Universe in consisting of ordered matter. But God created Hell, unlike Empyrean and Universe, not in a state of goodness but made it evil:

> A Universe of death, which God by curse
> Created evil, for evil only good;
> Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds
> Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
> Abominable, unutterable, and worse
> Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,
> Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimaeras dire. (II, 622–8)

On the one hand, then, Hell consists of ordered matter in a state of evil, bringing forth perverse and monstrous forms. On the other hand it resembles Chaos, with its fierce extremes of heat and cold, dryness and moisture, in close conjunction, and with its "perpetual storms of whirlwind and dire Hail" in certain regions (II, 587–603). But unlike Chaos, which is in a neutral state and is potentially good, Hell is wholly evil, and in its chaotic aspect resembles rather the chaotic element in the Universe after the Fall, that is to say it is chaos imposed by God, *created* chaos rather than uncreated chaos. As we have been led to expect, the same twofold state that exists in the macrocosm of Hell, with on the one hand ordered matter in a state of evil and on the other a condition of things resembling Chaos, is also present in the microcosm of Hell, that is to say in the mind of Satan and his followers. There is chaos in the minds of the fallen angels because, in the course of their revolt, upstart passions have caught the government from Reason and are ruling in Reason's place. This chaos in the mind of Satan and his followers is reinforced by the incessant conflict between two directly opposite states within them, their angelic condition of which vestiges still remain, and their newly found diabolic condition. Angel and devil are forever warring in their souls. What there remains of the angelic state within them fills them with a longing for the celestial harmony, for the light and the love and the joy of Heaven, and hence with poignant sorrow and remorse for their crime and folly. But their ever increasing diabolic condition has already partly blinded them to the very meaning of joy and love, and fills them above all with a desire for revenge, for spiting and injuring God, no matter by what means. The conflict which these two opposing states are forever waging in the minds of the angels is above all revealed in the soliloquies of Satan. But as the diabolic condition within them becomes ever more deeply rooted and the vestiges of their angelic state tend increasingly to disappear,

there is a movement in the minds of the fallen angels from chaos towards the establishment of perverted order. Under this condition of perverted order diabolic hate takes the place of angelic love as the motive power of all thoughts and actions, and the conscious pursuit of evil is adopted as the universal aim. And it naturally follows that instead of the celestial joy the dominant feeling in Hell is misery, and that instead of the inner freedom of the life in Heaven the fallen angels are in a state of complete subjection to their own evil passions. The plan for establishing such a state of perverted order in Hell is thus outlined by Satan to Beelzebub:

> To do ought good never will be our task,
> But ever to do ill our sole delight,
> As being the contrary to his high will,
> Whom we resist. If then his providence
> Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
> Our labour must be to pervert that end,
> And out of good still to find means of evil. (I, 159–64)

As in the macrocosm of Hell so in the microcosm, evil nature breeds perverse and monstrous forms. Satan's "Evil be thou my good" is the motto emblazoned on the infernal coat-of-arms, it is the plan of campaign of the Satanic host. But it is only a plan of campaign and not a statement of facts. It is "Evil *be* thou my good," not "Evil thou *art* my good." It is a cry of despair, not a boast. And it is just because evil is not yet the good of the fallen angels that they are racked with despair and tormented by regrets and hopeless longings. Only when the angelic condition within them is totally extinct and evil has truly become their good can a certain degree of order and of peace again exist in the minds of the fallen angels.

It is only in the body politic in Hell that perverted order is completely established. The political state of Hell is a tyranny. For the fallen angels owe obedience to Satan who, exceeding his followers in mental depravation, must also have exceeded them in the extent of his fall and thus have become the equal or, more probably, the inferior of his subjects. The whole, single-minded object of the body politic in Hell is the pursuit of evil and the defeat of good. In this it is aided by a well-disciplined, hierarchically ordered army. Chaos does not intrude into the body politic in Hell. Had Milton allowed it to do so, had he shown rebellion arising within rebellion and made Hell the battleground of warring factions, we would have lost the sense of menace caused by the contemplation of organized evil and, furthermore, Milton would have deprived himself of the basis for the many parallelisms, sometimes bordering on the burlesque, between Heaven and Hell of which something will be said below.

The twofold state of chaos and of perverted order in Hell is also manifest to the ear. On the one hand there is harsh, jarring, and tumultuous noise in Hell, which reflects the discord in the macrocosm and microcosm. We need only to compare, for instance, the lines describing the opening of the gates of Hell with the corresponding lines on the opening of Heaven's gates:

> On a sudden open fly,
> With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
> Th'infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
> Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
> Of Erebus. (II, 879–83)

> Heaven opened wide
> Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
> On golden hinges moving. . . . (VII, 205–7)

In each case the music made by the opening of the gates reflects the music that reigns within, both in the microcosm and in the macrocosm. Again, we hear of the tumult in Hell when some of the fallen angels

> with vast Typhoean rage, more fell,
> Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
> In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar. (II, 539–41)

But not only is there discordant noise in Hell, reflecting the chaos that is raging in macrocosm and microcosm; there is also harmonious music in Hell because perverted order has been established there in the body politic.[1] And because so much in the Satanic empire is an imitation of its celestial equivalents the music heard in Hell is also a close reproduction of the heavenly music. Thus, for instance, because the army in Hell, though devoted to evil purposes, remains very much the same as it had been in Heaven, we may presume that the martial music which accompanies the movements of the Satanic host is much like that sounded in Heaven. Thus we hear of "the warlike sound Of trumpets loud and clarions" which accompanies the raising of Satan's standard, and of how the troops move "In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood Of flutes and soft recorders" (I, 531–2, 550–1). And similarly, because Pandemonium is presumably a close replica of some celestial palace, being designed by the same architect, Mulciber, we hear of how the building

> Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
> Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet. (I, 711–12)

[1]For an understanding of the general nature of perverted order in Hell, and particularly its bearing upon the presence of harmonious music there, I am indebted to Professor A. S. P. Woodhouse.

Where there is celestial architecture there will also be celestial music. And because Satan's followers, shortly after their fall, still retain much of their former angelic state there is also melodious song in Hell. Thus we hear that

> Others, more mild,
> Retreated in a silent valley, sing
> With notes angelical to many a harp
> Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
> By doom of battle, and complain that Fate
> Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
> Their song was partial; but the harmony
> (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
> Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
> The thronging audience. (II, 546–55)

It is indicative of the Satanic position that, whereas the angels in Heaven sing of God's glory and of the exploits of the Son, of the beauty of Heaven and the Universe, the fallen angels sing only about themselves. And where we have the sweet converse of the angels in Heaven, sitting in their blissful bowers "In fellowship of joy," we find that the fallen angels

> reason'd high
> Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate—
> Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute—
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
> Of good and evil much they argued then,
> Of happiness and final misery,
> Passion and apathy, and glory and shame:
> Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy! (II, 558–65)

It is not by accident that we find so much strenuous reasoning and arguing among Satan's followers. Milton wants to show that moral depravation has for its inevitable concomitant the clouding of the intellect. In its uncorrupted state the peculiar quality of the angelic intellect is its power of intuitive apprehension of the truth. It is in this that it mainly differs from the intellect of man, which is principally discursive, as Raphael explains to Adam (V, 487–90). In the course of their fall, Satan and his followers lose their power of intuitive apprehension and have to resort to discursive reasoning. But while Adam and Eve before the Fall are endowed with "right Reason" which helps them to a perception of all the truth necessary to them, the fallen angels are also wholly lacking in this capacity. Because Satan has lost his powers of intuitive apprehension and is also devoid of "right Reason," we find him forever arguing and gesticulating, both when alone and when in the company of others. And it is

because of this clouding of the intellect among Satan's followers that we have the great council in Pandemonium. It is only because the fallen angels no longer recognize the simplest facts about God or about themselves that they have to hold councils. There are no councils in Heaven among the loyal angels, only a council among the rebel forces. Thus the mental state of Hell, best exemplified by Satan, entails ceaseless cerebration coupled with an ever increasing feebleness of the understanding and complicated by an unwillingness to face unpalatable facts.

Some reference has already been made to the numerous parallelisms between events and objects in Heaven and Hell with which the poem abounds. Partly these are due to Milton's delight in symmetry and pattern, partly to his wish to emphasize a particular point of contrast between the angelic and the diabolic positions (e.g., in the carefully contrasted scenes in which Satan and the Son each volunteer to undertake a mission which nobody else is ready to accept, the one being a mission of destruction, the other a mission to repair and restore what has been destroyed). But at times these correspondences are due to the attempt by the fallen angels to turn Hell into a mock-Heaven. Satan, "the great Aspirer," is forever trying to equal and if possible to surpass God, not in his goodness and wisdom, for to that he has become blinded, but in his power and majesty with all its trappings and trimmings. Already in Heaven his ambition is to ride in as good a coach and live in as fine a place as God. Thus in Book V we hear about Satan's royal seat in the northern region of Heaven:

> High on a hill, far-blazing, as a mount
> Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers
> From Diamond quarries hewn and rocks of Gold—
> The palace of great Lucifer (so call
> That structure, in the dialect of men
> Interpreted) which, not long after, he,
> Affecting all equality with God,
> In imitation of that mount whereon
> Messiah was declared in sight of Heaven,
> The Mountain of the Congregation called. (V, 757–66)

And in Book VI, Satan is depicted driving into battle in a chariot which is clearly modelled on that of the Father:

> High in the midst, exalted as a God,
> Th'Apostate in his sunbright chariot sat,
> Idol of majesty divine, enclosed
> With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;
> Then lighted from his gorgeous throne. . . . (VI, 99–103)

In Book II we are given this picture of Satan leaving the council-chamber:

> Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seemed
> Alone th'antagonist of Heaven, nor less
> Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
> And god-like imitated state: him round
> A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
> With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms. (II, 508–13)

The whole notion of turning Hell into a fascimile of Heaven is stated in its extreme form by Mammon who cannot think of anything in Heaven of which a perfectly good replica could not be made in Hell. And once all the outward magnificence of Heaven is fully reproduced in Hell, why, then Hell will be another Heaven, better in fact, for there will be no "easy yoke of servile pomp" in Hell, but they will live "free and to none accountable," self-dependent and self-sufficient, as Mammon thinks. The central lines of his speech are these:

> As he our darkness, cannot we his light
> Imitate when we please? This desert soil
> Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
> Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise
> Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more? (II, 269–73)

Upon Satan's attempt to equal and imitate God in power and majesty Milton provides obliquely a grim, unspoken comment in depicting the close parallel-relationship, bordering at times on the burlesque, between the heavenly Trinity and the infernal Trinity composed of Satan, Sin, and Death.[2] In this infernal Trinity Satan corresponds to God, Sin to the Son, and Death to the Holy Spirit. Thus Sin is begotten by Satan in a way similar to that in which the Son is believed by Milton to have been begotten by the Father; that is, she is thought of and decreed by Satan. (It is true, of course, that Satan's creation of Sin is not a premeditated act, like that of the Father's creation of the Son, but that he slides into it by degrees, almost unwittingly.) And when she springs out of his head, "a goddess armed," she is found to be the true image of Satan, just as the Son is the true image of the Father. For, as she tells Satan,

> I pleased, and with attractive graces won
> The most averse—thee chiefly, who, full oft
> Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
> Becam'st enamoured. . . . (II, 762–5)

[2]Milton may have derived the idea of creating an unholy trinity in Hell from Dante's *Inferno*, where Lucifer is depicted as having three faces, one red, the other black, and the third pale yellow, representing Hate, Ignorance, and Impotence respectively, the direct opposites of Love, Wisdom, and Power, the attributes of the Holy Trinity (*Inferno*, Canto 34, ll. 37–45).

(Milton thus epitomizes the besetting sin of Satan and Eve, the two great self-lovers of the poem, by making them both fall in love with their own image. Cf. IV, 460–80.) And just as the Son glories in his perfect obedience to the Father and is seated at his right hand, so Sin, addressing Satan in the same rapturous language which marks the Son's converse with the Father, declares:

> Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
> My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
> But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
> To that new world of light and bliss, among
> The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
> At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
> Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. (II, 864–70)

And just as the Father makes the Son his vice-regent in Heaven, so Satan makes Sin, and her inevitable attendant Death, his vice-regents on Earth (X, 399–405). Again, in the building of the causeway from Hell, Sin plays a part analogous to that of the Son in his creation of the Universe. For, as Sin tells Satan, it is he who is the "author and prime architect" of the causeway. It was he who through his might empowered her to perform the act of creation (X, 354–71). Sin is merely Satan's agent in this act, just as the Son is the agent of the Father in his creation of the Universe.[3] And Death plays a part in this process of creation which parallels that of the Holy Spirit in the creation of the Universe. For as the Spirit vitalizes ordered matter, so Death petrifies it by striking it with his mace (X, 293–7).

There are several other occasions in the poem on which Sin is made to parody speeches or burlesque actions in Heaven or in Paradise. Having eaten the forbidden fruit, Adam and Eve

> fancy that they feel
> Divinity within them breeding wings
> Wherewith to scorn the Earth. (IX, 1009–11)

Milton's scathing comment on this is contained in Sin's remark to Death in Book X:

> Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
> Wings growing, and dominion given me large
> Beyond this Deep. . . . (X, 243–5)

There is one other instance of devastating parody in the poem, again with Sin for its mouthpiece. The passage parodied is the one so dear to the hearts of Romantic critics in which, shortly after Eve's trans-

[3]Some of the parallels between Sin and the Son here mentioned have been pointed out already by Mr. Rajan in his admirable *"Paradise Lost" and the Seventeenth Century Reader.*

gression, Adam declares his intention to share her fate, for better or for worse:

> However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
> Certain to undergo like doom, if death
> Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
> So forcibly within my heart I feel
> The bond of Nature draw me to my own;
> My own in thee; for what thou art is mine.
> Our state cannot be severed; we are one,
> One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself. (IX, 953–9)

How Milton wants us to feel about these utterances is shown by the ruthless parody of them which he puts into the mouth of Sin in her address to her ex-consort Satan in Book X:

> For I no sooner in my heart divined
> (My heart, which by a secret harmony
> Still moves with thine, joined in connexion sweet)
> That thou on Earth hadst prospered, which thy looks
> Now also evidence, but straight I felt—
> Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt—
> That I must after thee with this thy son;
> Such fatal consequence unites us three.
> Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
> Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
> Detain from following thy illustrious track. (X, 357–67)

The terrible irony of these two speeches lies in their causal relationship. It is the assertion of the indissolubility of the one family tie which leads directly to the assertion of that of the other.

We have seen that the Hell in Satan's mind is a very close replica of the macrocosm of Hell. It is a region of dark, empty, desolate spaces, swept by whirlwinds of passion, a region of tumult and perpetual strife, but also a region in which "Nature breeds Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things." There Satan is forever "rolling in the fiery gulf" of his own making, in chains of his own forging. For Satan is the creator of the microcosm of Hell, just as God is the creator of its macrocosm. But in one respect the Hell in Satan's mind seems more like Dante's abode of Hell than like Milton's. It consists of many circles of ever increasing torment, as Satan tells us in his great soliloquy in Book IV:

> Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
> And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
> Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
> To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven. (IV, 75–8)

In other words, while Satan's spiritual fall is a process continuous throughout the poem, his physical fall is a single, terminated event.

Like his daughter Sin, who reflects him in this as in other things, Satan is forever conceiving and giving birth to the hellhounds, his tormenting thoughts and passions, which are incessantly barking and howling around him, kennelling in his mind and feeding on his entrails, leaving him no moment's respite or peace. What makes the description of Satan's mental torments so terrifying to us is the realization that few of us ever quite escape at least a nodding acquaintance with the Hell which the self-lover builds in his own mind. Most of us have travelled at least some of the way on the road to Hell. As Mr. C. S. Lewis remarks, "we have all skirted the Satanic island closely enough to have motives for wishing to evade the full impact of the poem."[4]

[4] *A Preface to "Paradise Lost,"* 100.

A PHILOSOPHY ANCIENT AND MODERN

M. M. Kirkwood

TWO works have recently been published which call fresh attention to their author, George Santayana: his third and final volume of autobiography, *My Host the World*, and a one-volume edition of the early *Life of Reason*. These round out the picture of his life and mind. Should the intelligent reader have neglected Santayana so far, he might start from either of these volumes and reach into the body of the philosopher's thought. Few authors supply such generous material for the understanding of their message. For his autobiography sets forth the influences which made him what he was; he has produced lyrical poetry that is most revealing; he has written a novel, *The Last Puritan*, with significant autobiographical elements; and most important, he has at different points in his literary life provided prefaces and introductions to certain books which should furnish short, plain answers to the questions about right and wrong, beauty, and being and reality which recur throughout his work. Most of those who admire this writer are so bewitched by the penetration and sophistication of the writing that they abandon themselves to enjoyment without caring about the puzzles. But Santayana would not have it so. From the first prose volume, *The Sense of Beauty* (1896), to the last, the revised *Life of Reason* (1954), he has spoken with the same note—a note of earnest desire to understand the world, and of clear intent to press his understanding home to the reader's mind.

The facts of Santayana's life may be briefly reviewed. He was born in Madrid of Spanish parents in December, 1863 (his mother having had children by an earlier marriage to an American husband), and remained in Spain with his father when his mother took the first family to live near her first husband's people. His father brought the little boy at the age of nine to rejoin his mother in Boston where, after the strikingly different social and religious background of Avila, he was educated at the Latin School in Boston and at Harvard University. He renewed his European roots by visits to Avila where his father lived till his death; he later studied in Germany and visited friends in England; he lectured at Harvard from about 1889 until 1912; and lived in Europe from 1912 on—in France, in England, in Spain, and finally in Rome where he died in 1952.

I

It is perhaps impertinent to comment on the character of this most highly civilized human being, but certain features need stressing if

the significance of his thought is to be grasped. An interesting light is thrown on Santayana by an early passage in *Persons and Places* (1944), in the chapter called "I am Transported to America." Here he describes the trip from Bilbao to Cardiff, and comments:

I love moving water. I love ships, I love the sharp definition, the concentrated humanity, the sublime solitude of life at sea. The dangers of it only make present to us the peril inherent in all existence, which the stupid, ignorant, untravelled land-worm never discovers; and the art of it, so mathematical, so exact, so rewarding to intelligence, appeals to courage and clears the mind of superstition, while filling it with humanity and true religion. Our world is a cockleshell in the midst of overwhelming forces and everlasting realities; but those forces are calculable and those realities helpful, if we can manage to understand and obey them.

This passage indicates the serious, almost devout cast to the naturalism which dominates Santayana's thought in its every phase. Later in the same chapter, there is an amusing account of how he learned English under the tutelage of his loved half-sister Susana. He memorized verses by rote from a moral book for young children, including

> You must not in play
> Steal the birds away
> And grieve their mother's breast.

He writes:

The moral of this was wasted on me. . . . I was not a young child . . . and if I had an impulse to steal any bird's nest or bird's eggs,—it would not have been these nursery rhymes that could have dissuaded me. But I had no such impulse, and no such opportunity, which made this moralizing, like all moralizing, ring hollow in my ears. The lady who said many years later that she envied me for not having a conscience didn't altogether misread me. [This incident is used also in the Preface to *The Last Puritan.*] Like my mother I have firmness of character, and I don't understand how a rational creature can be wrong in being or doing what he fundamentally wishes to be or do.

In case this avowed naturalism, with a rejection of conventional moralizing, might be misunderstood, reference might be made here to Santayana's fondness for and use of the story of Jacob's ladder. In *The Last Puritan* there is a delightful description of Eton, in connection with the visit paid by Oliver and his father to the cousin Mario. Oliver, the high-minded young American, is at first repelled by the canings (or swishings), the fagging, and the other conventions which are part of the English public school system. His father interprets:

No wonder it surprises, perhaps annoys you. Yet it is the great Christian, the great classic tradition. It is the vision of Jacob's ladder. . . . Jacob's ladder is a picture of the degrees which this moral life of ours might attain, insofar as we can imagine them. It is a poetic image. Like all good poetry, such an image marks the pitch to which moral culture has risen at some moment. To the morally cultivated Jacob's ladder shines distinct and clear.

Interestingly enough, this reference is developed in a much later work. On page 149 of *Domination and Powers*, we read:

These metaphors were not wholly transparent even to the minds that first employed them; they came as revelations of sublime facts. The Vow of Jacob in the 28th chapter of Genesis is a matchless example of this [Santayana quotes the passage with its vision of the angels ascending and descending]. . . . The Lord is the power that governs the world, and men's fortunes in it. This is not in itself a religious conviction, but a summary recognition of what a philosopher might call the nature of things.

It is clear then that Santayana is first and last a naturalist and realist, and yet that he values religion and has practised it. He tells in *Persons and Places* of getting up on Sunday mornings before dawn, and hurrying alone to early Mass in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, to be uplifted by the ritual and the music. He writes: "If later I was taken to some Unitarian Church it didn't matter. It seemed a little ridiculous, all those good people in their Sunday clothes, so demure, so conscious of one another, not needing in the least to pray or to be prayed for, nor inclined to sing, but liking to flock together once a week, as people in Spain flock to the paseo, and glad to hear a sermon like the leading article in some superior newspaper." Much later in the story, when his friend young Lord Russell took him to Winchester, Santayana visited the school chapel. He writes:

At the Commemoration service in the chapel it was the soul of modern England that stirred under those Gothic arches and windows, and knelt or sang in those monastic stalls. . . . I saw some boys bury their faces in their folded arms, not (it seemed to me) affectedly, but as if seeking solitude, as if fleeing to the wilderness, carried by a wave of juvenile devotion.

In connection with this matter of religious attitudes as an element in life and in culture, it may be noted that Santayana did not marry, in spite of the kind efforts of his friends and relations in America, and that his main reason was the anomaly of his religious position. "I wouldn't for the world have had a wife or children dead to religion. . . . Living in a Protestant country, the free thinking Catholic is in

a socially impossible position. He cannot demand that his wife and children be Catholics, since he is not, in a controversial sense, a Catholic himself."

Santayana's relationships did not include a wife and family, but his life was enriched by love and friendship. He gives affectionate accounts of his parents, his brother, sisters, and cousins, and paints the friends of boyhood and manhood with tenderness and delight. His comment on Warwick Potter, a Harvard friend, with whom he associates his half-sister Susana and a boyhood friend Edward Bayley, should be noted. He says:

> Warwick was full of laughter. . . . By laughing together we could erase the traces of any divergence or failure of sympathy. At the same time, Susana, like Bayley and Warwick, was devout; this marked their sensitiveness to the good, their capacity to worship. These were the two prerequisites in my conception to perfect friendship; capacity to worship and capacity to laugh. They were the two windows through which the mind took flight and morally escaped from the world.

Perhaps these extracts from Santayana's writing suggest a picture of the personality—sensitive, sceptical, full of humour, and devout—transplanted from southern Europe and maturing in the rather alien atmosphere of Protestant individualism and practical success which characterize modern America. Santayana became a professor (he and his father had discussed diplomacy as a possible career, but there was not enough money), and lectured for more than twenty years on the history of philosophy. He says his first masters were Royce and James, that he learned Greek ethics and Spinoza from Paulsen in Berlin, and Plato and Aristotle from Dr. Henry Jackson at the University of Cambridge. He declares that he was an historian and commentator in his lecturing, and that he had no philosophical system until one evolved with his life. His works by his own account fall into two parts (leaving out the poetry)—the first culminating in *The Life of Reason* (in five volumes, 1905–6) and described by its author as humanistic, and the second, called ontological or metaphysical, beginning with *Scepticism and Animal Faith* (1923) and developing in a series entitled *Realms of Being* which appeared severally as *The Realm of Essence, The Realm of Matter, The Realm of Truth*, and *The Realm of Spirit*. (The series was published as one volume in 1942.) As well as the more formal works there are several volumes of essays, among which *Character and Opinion in the United States* (1920) and *Soliloquies in England* (1922) should be mentioned. A volume *Platonism and the Spiritual Life* (1927) makes it clear that, although inspired by Plato as writer and teacher, San-

tayana is strongly critical of his method. A later work *The Idea of Christ in the Gospels* (1946) shows him boldly unorthodox, but devout at the same time. The volume *Dominations and Powers* (1951) emphasizes the value of religion and beauty in a world involved in struggles between dominations.

II

In an effort to expound briefly Santayana's method in the humanistic writings and his system in the ontological, a glance at *The Sense of Beauty* of 1896 is worth while. A fundamental attitude is at once revealed. In the introduction, page 3, he says, "Things are interesting because we care about them, and important because we need them." He starts then from an observation of natural existence, a constant element in his method. One infers here what might be called the James influence, the emphasis upon immediate life and interest—without, however, James's stress upon practical use, upon tasks and achievement in the daily round. Santayana never does assent to the pragmatic stress; he considers that the jobs will be done through custom transmitted, just as he thinks that religion should be practised as part of the culture handed down. So in *The Sense of Beauty* he goes on to treat beauty as a matter of *feeling*. Feelings are important because they reflect human interests, and from real sensations imagination draws its life. The crude basis is the stimulus of sense, but superimposed upon sense is the activity of mind. Thence comes the synthesis which constitutes form. In Santayana's account here, there appears to be a combination of Coleridge's view of the imagination, as the esemplastic power, with a psychological approach to aesthetics which anticipates by some years that of I. A. Richards and others. Santayana describes the upshot of aesthetic development as "the ideal enlargement of human capacity" (p. 129). Nature is the basis and man the goal (p. 165). When he goes on to consider man the moral being in relation to man the aesthetic creature, he writes that the senses and imagination are inhibited by the conscience: "all that morality can require is the inward harmony of each life" (p. 219). "The arts must study their occasions" for their roots lie in "the play section of each life" (p. 220). "The garden must not encroach upon the cornfields" (p. 221). "First we suffer, afterwards we sing" (p. 227). The final discussion in the book reverts to the position stated at the opening, namely that beauty is part of experience. "Beauty exists for the same reason that the object which is beautiful exists, or the world in which that object lies, or we that look upon both. . . . We—the minds that ask all questions and judge of the

validity of all answers,—we are not ourselves independent of this world in which we live. We sprang from it, and our relations in it determine all our instincts and all our satisfactions" (p. 218). The "satisfaction of our reason, due to the harmony between our nature and our experience, is partially realized already. The sense of beauty is its realization" (p. 269).

III

To come to the greatest achievement of Santayana's middle period, the *Life of Reason* (his supreme achievement, some critics would claim), means being confronted with the central humanist position. I take this to be an acknowledgment that the life of man is what man knows and that in the history of civilization are to be found the forms, the standards, the perfections which are man's treasure and man's precious light. There is no degradation, no crassness, no insensibility to the higher values in this view. Santayana unfolds "Common Sense," "Society," "Religion," "Art and Science" as the chapters in the revelation of man's potentiality and spiritual fulfilment.

Santayana begins, in *Reason in Common Sense*, with *vital impulse*. "Vital impulse when it is modified by reflection, and veers in sympathy with judgments pronounced on the past is properly called reason." "Reason like beauty is its own excuse for being." "Nature is reason's basis and theme; reason is nature's consciousness; and from the point of view of that conciousness when it has arisen, reason is also nature's justification and goal." Santayana teaches that the test of general progress is a harmony and co-operation of impulses "leading to the maximum satisfaction possible in the whole community of spirits affected by our action" (*Reason in Common Sense*, p. 256). Ideas are functional, human nature is its own justification, and reason harmonizes warring impulses.

In the second volume, *Reason in Society*, Santayana opens by reiterating "man is an animal, part of the natural flux," but proceeds to argue that sex and reproduction, primary in our constitution, are the first sign of the ideal and selfless in human history. The effect on consciousness is "a first triumph of ideality." Love has an animal basis but an ideal object. "Human reason lives by turning the friction of material forces into the light of ideal goods" (p. 9). In the chapter on the family, Santayana starts from the truth that "capacity to be educated goes with immaturity at birth." He considers that the true ideal must speak for all necessary and compatible functions, that function should be delightful in itself and be exercised so as to co-operate with the rest of life. He gives attention to the aristocratic and

democratic ideals of government, his sympathy lying more with the first as we should expect. For America of the early twentieth century seemed to him to exhibit apparent democracy and real dehumanization. In the aristocratic society, he discerns the presence of eminence. He writes: "Beauty, genius, holiness, even power and extraordinary wealth, radiate virtue and make the world in which they live a better and more joyful place to live in" (p. 90). Although this emphasis may seem reactionary, Santayana corrects the balance later by admitting that eminence is "subject to decay" (p. 121). His ideal society respects the social conscience, and has as its main end the development of the humane beings who make it up. He writes "society is like the air we breathe, necessary to breathe, but insufficient to live on" (p. 185).

Santayana's exposition of religion is concerned with the recognition and practice of piety. True to his basic position, he regards religion as having natural origins, but ideal ends. "The prophets loved virtue, and they saw that public events depend on character." In *Reason in Religion*, Christianity is developed from the Hebrew philosophy of history, which was later identified with the Platonic cosmology. Santayana says that the Hebrews were elementary in their experience, but the Greek vision of human capacity lightened Hebrew morality, and the whole was blended by a universal charity. "Matters of religion should never be matters of controversy," he maintains. The important feature should be the awakening and practice of piety. "In rational prayer," he writes, "the soul may be said to accomplish three things important to its welfare; it withdraws within itself and defines its good, it accommodates itself to destiny, and it grows like the ideal it conceives" (p. 43). Santayana realizes the deep need of the soul for ideal backgrounds. Man is not adorable, but he adores. "Piety is the spirit's acknowledgment of its incarnation" (p. 184). "Rational religion has these two phases; piety or loyalty to necessary conditions, and spirituality, or devotion to an ideal end" (p. 276).

The volume on *Reason in Art* is full of fine things. "Art is reason propagating itself" (p. 13). "The ideal is a possible and more excellent form to be given to some external substance or medium. Matter is a necessary condition for realising an ideal" (p. 30). "The subject matter of art is life, life as it actually is; but the function of art is to make life better" (p. 66). "The stuff of taste is volume and vivacity of feeling" (p. 194). "A civilized imagination has to understand and to serve the world" (p. 207).

With *Reason in Science*, Santayana verges on the metaphysical constantly, for he is bent on showing that science is only a view, using

the intents or forms of discourse to describe the concretions in existence, which we call objects, and their relations. With the unfolding of human history, knowledge expands, although it is always tentative. He writes: "The true God is an object of intent, an ideal of excellence and knowledge. We define Him in art, politics and religion." He believes that intelligence is what makes life aware of its destiny, and that reason expresses impulses, but impulses reduced to harmony. He ends with this picture of science, most telling to twentieth-century men. Science is "tentative, genial, practical, and humane, full of ideality and pathos, like every great human undertaking."

The implications of Santayana's view of science lead quite naturally to the consideration of his metaphysic. Santayana, like all the moderns, regards knowledge of the natural world as hypothetical and partial—but unlike most moderns he refuses defeatist conclusions. He rejects on the one hand the conclusion of Hume's children, who reduce the mind to a distracted dealing with its own disjointed impressions, and on the other hand of the disciples of Plato, with their immutable forms in the heavenly places compensating for the fleeting realities of the world of change. Santayana considers that psychologism (the effect of Hume's analysis) is clearly an error, and that Platonic idealism, although heartening and conducive to private and public virtue, is a mythology rather than a philosophy.

What he substitutes should be made clear. First, a recognition that sensations and perceptions, with the essences which they experience and utter, are related to a circle of events which men call nature. (Here are found "The World of Essence" and the "World of Matter".) He writes: "Every notice of nature, vulgar and scientific, is a belief, and leads to further investigation of the object—not an image. The animals are wiser philosophers, acting on what they perceive and learn" (*Scepticism and Animal Faith*, p. 297). "This belief in nature, with a little experience and good sense to fill in the picture, is almost enough by way of belief. Nor can a man honestly believe less. An active mind never really loses the conviction that it is scenting the way of the world" (*ibid.*, p. 308). So Santayana is properly called a materialist (he so describes himself), believing that matter not spirit is the seat and principle of the flux (*The Realm of Matter*, p. 26). But the two are intertwined as far as human life goes—mind issues from matter. Santayana describes experience as a predicament (an exquisite word to apply if a man stops to contemplate his own existence). "The whole of life is a predicament, complex and prolonged, and the whole of mind is the cry, prolonged and

variously modulated, which that predicament wrings from the Psyche" (*Realm of Matter*, p. 160). He considers that the spectrum of sense and the categories of thought are original creations of the psyche, just as pleasure and pain are (*ibid.*, p. 159), but that although the psyche may, with limited success, impose certain forms, forms dictated by her values, upon matter and circumstances, matter is fundamental.

Although intellectually a convinced materialist, Santayana constantly praises spirit. Spirit is the moral fruition of physical life, and the normal place for spirit is in a living psyche. Spirit "is alive . . . always on the wing, watching, comparing, suffering and laughing." Spirit is the moral counterpart of the material process, Santayana says. The natural self is "like the oil which spirit turns to flame and light" (*Realms of Being*, p. 742). So "the only profit in experience is its profit for the spirit," and the result is liberation or understanding. While the world and the truth about the world have a tutelary function, the ultimate reward is the attainment of acceptance of all that is. "Spirit may live in its universal affinities, forgiving itself its ignorant errors and childish woes. It could not have suffered if it had not loved, and to love is to have eyes for the beautiful" (*ibid.*, pp. 824–5).

After writing a volume on Spirit, whose specific function is to see and understand, Santayana composed *The Realm of Truth*. This work appears as a kind of rider to the rest, arguing what the reader has expected all along, that truth is the sum total of all that is, but what we can know as truth is what we can make a shot at from our particular stance or intent or public purpose (Santayana uses Hegel, Marx, and Freud as examples of particular views of truth). Newman said a hundred years ago that truth or reality is all the facts and their relations, while knowledge is a comprehension of those facts and their relations. Santayana substantially confirms Newman's view, denying however the possibility of conceiving objective truth and refusing to posit Eternal Mind as the possessor of this truth of existence. Thus Santayana writes, "Knowledge is not truth, but a view of expression of the truth." The truth is what man is always aiming at, but what, in the nature of the case, he cannot comprehend. "To find itself harnessed to facts that it cannot control, to find itself helpless and mistaken is . . . a hard lesson for the spirit. But this chastening is not fatal: on the contrary it is positively enlightening and steadying. Not only does appropriate knowledge, in picturesque and infinite vistas, remain open, but spirit can now bring order into its own house, and consecrate itself to its essential vocation without being distracted by vain hopes" (*Realms of Being*, pp. 526–7).

The final emphasis for Santayana is, on the one hand, on the material facts, the realm of actuality, but on the other on the life of the spirit. "Facts for a living creature are only instruments; his play-life is his true life" (Preface to *Realms of Being*, p. xi). "The function of mind is to increase the wealth of the universe in the spiritual dimension, by adding appearance to substance and passion to necessity and by creating all those private perspectives, and those emotions of wonder, adventure, curiosity, and laughter, which omniscience would exclude" (*ibid.*, p. xiii). "Our distinction and glory, as well as our sorrow, will have lain in being something in particular, and knowing what it is" (*ibid.*, p. xiv).

WORK AND LEISURE

KARL F. HELLEINER

ABOUT ten years ago the late Professor Wesley Mitchell presented the 24th Annual Report of the National Bureau of Economic Research (1944). This document contained the following statement: "One extension of our program . . . impresses the staff [of the National Bureau] as especially desirable—a search for the leading factors that determine the rate of secular change in national output and in standards of living . . . a constructive study of factors that tend to accelerate and factors that tend to retard economic growth from generation to generation."

It would be difficult to say whether Professor Mitchell's insistence on the importance of long-period analysis of economic change has been chiefly responsible for the recent spate of work in the field of secular growth. Undoubtedly, Truman's Point Four Program and the Colombo Plan, too, must have had a large share in stimulating interest in problems of economic development.

But be that as it may, the fact remains that the last few years have seen a remarkable revival of efforts to examine the conditions of secular economic change. I say "revival," because scholarly interest in these matters is not exactly new. The fathers of political economy, from Adam Smith to John Stuart Mill, were very much concerned with secular trends; and a man like Alfred Marshall, notwithstanding his mastery of short-run equilibrium analysis, on more than one occasion permitted himself to range freely over longer stretches of economic history. Nevertheless, theoretical work until recently has been preoccupied almost exclusively with problems of equilibrium, and the "plutological" aspects of economics have been relatively neglected, or rather have been left to the tender mercies of the historian and the sociologist. That trend, as stated above, seems now to have reversed itself. Once again, economists are inquiring into the "Causes of the Wealth of Nations," that is to say, into the conditions of economic growth.

This paper is concerned with only one factor of secular economic development, namely, changes in man's willingness to exert himself for the sake of obtaining material benefits. It can hardly be doubted that over long stretches of history an increase in the rate of economic growth was predicated on a decline in people's "propensity to consume leisure," as well as on improvements in their general working habits.

Vol. XXIV, no. 2, Jan., 1955

This is by no means a new topic in economics. Alfred Marshall, in his *Principles of Economics* (8th ed., Book IV, chap. VI), discussing some *qualitative* aspects of population, has a few pertinent things to say about habits of work. Marshall stresses the importance for economic advance of what he calls the "general ability" of the working force, as distinguished from those kinds of skill and knowledge which are required for the performance of special tasks. Among the general qualities that are a prerequisite of economic success, perseverance and trustworthiness would seem to rank very high. Backward races are known to lack those very faculties. They "are unable to keep at any kind of work for a long time. . . . They have not the requisite assiduity." What European and American observers are liable to call the indolence and sloth of native races has often been commented upon. However, that inability to concentrate on *one* kind of work, that unwillingness to labour at any kind of job for a long stretch at a time, and similar shortcomings (such as carelessness about tools and materials) are not characteristic of backward races (or, as has sometimes been claimed, of tropical races) only. Lack of industrial discipline, absenteeism and the like were among the most serious obstacles to economic progress in the early factory age.

In part, the reason for these shortcomings must be sought in man's unwillingness to part with working habits that were not inappropriate before the appearance of power machinery. Until then, man's rhythm of work was largely determined by Nature. But Nature's rhythm, while not without some long-run regularity, is unpredictable and anything but monotonous. So were the working habits of pre-industrial man. The change of seasons, the varying length of daylight, the alternation of rain and shine determined the duration of work of the farmer, the lumberjack, the quarryman, the charcoal-burner, the fisherman, and all the other outdoor workers. The vagaries of wind, the drying up or freezing over of streams interfered with the work of all the people who were dependent on wind- or waterpower, such as the miller, the fuller, the paper-maker and others. The domestic workers, too, the cottage weavers and spinners or the nailsmiths under the putting-out system, often were forced to interrupt their work for lack of orders or raw materials, when the country roads were blocked by snowdrifts or became impassable in early spring because of the mud. On such occasions, the worker would loiter about or perhaps till his garden plot. In Catholic countries numerous holidays, in the days prior to the Industrial Revolution, added a further element of discontinuity.

With the coming of the steam engine and the factory, man's de-

pendence on Nature and its whims ceased. Continuity of work became at once feasible (apart from the trade cycle) and indispensable. Once in motion, the engine-driven instruments of production must not stop. The wheels of expensive machinery must keep turning, if they are to earn the interest on the capital invested in them. This economic necessity made it imperative for the human agents of production to reform their working habits. The ancient happy-go-lucky attitudes had to be abandoned. Time became an impersonal factor of production, not to be trifled with. Machine production and division of labour necessitated regularity.

However, the workers did not readily give up their old habits. Their "propensity to consume leisure," high at all times, was apt to rise sudenly and unpredictably from time to time, causing them to interrupt their work. As late as 1832, as John Morley tells us in his *Life of Richard Cobden*, "the workers [in an East Lancashire mill] practised a singular independence towards their employers. They took it as a matter of course that they were free, whenever it was their good pleasure, and without leave asked or given, to quit their work at once, and to set out on a drinking expedition to some neighbouring town, whence they would have been ashamed to return until their pockets were drained to the last penny."

Such drinking bouts and work stoppages, especially on Mondays, had been a regular feature of the industrial scene prior to the Machine Age. English journeymen were in the habit of celebrating from time to time what they jocularly called St. Monday; their French comrades were always ready to "*faire le lundi*," while German artisans would prolong a strenuous weekend into a "blue Monday."

We are inclined to frown, or perhaps smile indulgently on such reckless behaviour. But we ought to try to understand its motives. In part, such escapades must have been an almost inevitable reaction to excessive hours of work, and above all to the unbearable monotony of manual labour. For, whatever a romantic historiography may tell us about the idyllic life of the pre-industrial artisan, hours were long and work, for the most part, was monotonous, even under the handicraft system. We have the testimony of Francis Place, who had himself been a working man in earlier life, to the effects on people's minds of that monotony. This is what he wrote, in 1829, in his autobiography:

> I know not how to describe the sickening aversion which at times steals over the working man, and utterly disables him for a longer or shorter period from following his usual occupation, and compels him to indulge in *idleness*. I have felt it, resisted it to the utmost of my power, but have

been so completely subdued by it, that, in spite of very pressing circumstances, I have been obliged to submit and run away from my work. This is the case with every workman I have ever known; and in proportion as a man's case is hopeless will such fits occur and be of longer duration. The best informed amongst the workmen will occasionally solace themselves with liquor, the uninformed will almost always recur to the same means to provide the excitement which must be procured.[1]

If it was hard enough to maintain a modicum of labour discipline among artisans, how much more difficult must it have been to create those more exacting habits of regularity which the machine and the factory demanded, a discipline that was all the more resented by the workers since it smacked of the barracks and the workhouse. The difficulty was clearly realized by contemporary observers. Andrew Ure, in his *The Philosophy of Manufacture* (1835), had this to say on the question of labour discipline in the early industrial age:

> The main difficulty [of the new industrial system] did not, to my apprehension, lie so much in the invention of a proper self-acting mechanism . . . as in training human beings to renounce their desultory habits of work and to identify themselves with the unvarying regularity of the complex automaton. To devise and administer a successful code of factory discipline, suited to the necessities of factory diligence, was the Herculean enterprise, the noble achievement of Arkwright. Even at the present day, when the system is perfectly organized, and its labour lightened to the utmost, it is found nearly impossible to convert persons past the age of puberty, whether drawn from rural or from handicraft occupations, into useful factory hands. After struggling for a while to conquer their listless or restive habits, they either renounce the employment spontaneously, or are dismissed by the overlookers on account of inattention.[2]

What this author praises as the "noble achievement of Arkwright" was, of course, not the work of that one man. The process of education which, in the Western world, has resulted in the establishment of a labour discipline that has almost become man's second nature, was a long and arduous one. That process of "breaking-in" pre-industrial man, one of the most exacting tasks required of those who want to "industrialize" a country, is at present under way in Soviet Russia. The harsh treatment of labour, the severity of punishment meted out to late-comers, absentees, and careless workers (all of whom are treated as saboteurs) are concomitants of forced industrialization, and they reflect the magnitude of the difficulties encountered. But coercion alone is not likely to yield the desired results. Even in combination

[1] M. Dorothy George, *London Life in the Eighteenth Century* (3rd ed., London, 1951), 208 f.

[2] Reprinted in *Introduction to Contemporary Civilization in the West* (New York, Columbia University, 1946), II, 165.

with the juicy carrots offered to Stakhanovite shockworkers, the stick is not very effective. Only if strong *ideological* incentives come into play can the morale of the workers be raised permanently. As a matter of fact, the Russians do have recourse to ideological indoctrination. Sobriety, punctuality, assiduity, and care in the handling of tools and materials are represented as *the* socialist virtues. In other words, labour discipline is to be endowed with a sacrificial significance, not unlike the ascetic value which Western Christianity, and more especially the Puritan sects, in times past, had imparted to frugality and industry.

Whether the Russian leaders will succeed in their attempt to endow conscientious performance of work with that quasi-religious character remains to be seen. It also remains to be seen whether people in the underdeveloped areas of the world can be taught to look upon work in that light. Yet such an attitude would seem to be indispensable for the development of a new labour morale. For I am not sure that our economic doctors who prescribe recipes for the development of backward regions are not somewhat too optimistic in their assumption that people will exert themselves sufficiently under the stimulus of new and growing wants. It was Malthus who cautioned us against making that assumption, when he observed that "an efficient taste for luxuries and conveniences, that is, such a taste as will properly stimulate industry . . . is a plant of slow growth." Indeed a low "propensity to seek material advance" combined with a high "propensity to consume leisure" would seem to have been the "natural" attitude of man in most societies over long stretches of history.

Space does not permit me to submit much detailed evidence for this thesis. Suffice it to quote Aristotle (*Politics*, 1337 b) on the importance of leisure. "Leisure," he writes, "(to repeat what I have already said) is of all things the principal." And again, in language which is stronger still, "We busy ourselves in order that we may have leisure" (*Nic. Ethics*, 1177 b).[3]

In this connection, a little exercise in semantics may not be inappropriate. As Josef Pieper[4] has pointed out, the Greek language has only a negative word for "job," "industry," or "business": ἀσχολία. Literally translated, this means "lack of leisure." The same is true of Latin. The word for "business" is *neg-otium*, "absence of leisure." Let me add that the German word for "work"—*Arbeit*—is derived from a Middle High German word *arebeit*, which had the meaning

[3]Virgil's famous praise of labour in his Georgics ("Labor omnia vincit improbus") is hardly representative of the attitude of ancient man.

[4]*Musse und Kult* (Munich, 1948), 15.

of "hardship" or "distress." Similarly in Dutch: originally, the word *pijn* signifies both "pain" and "labour"; and the French word for common labourer is *homme de peine*.

But to return to Aristotle. Contrast his repeated statements that leisure is the supreme goal of all human activity with the following view, expressed by a German Protestant writer of the eighteenth century. "We do not work merely in order to gain a livelihood; rather we live for the sake of working." In this most radical view, labour is almost entirely divested of its instrumental character, and has become, if not exactly an end in itself, at any rate a penultimate end, an ascetic practice, a form of worship. I am inclined to look upon the fact that work in Western society, under the influence of Protestant ethics, acquired that sacrificial significance as one of the conditions which uniquely favoured the growth of wealth in our civilization. At the same time we cannot overlook the possibility of a satanic perversion. There would seem to be only a short step from an attitude which exalts work for its own sake to that radical nihilism which has found expression in Hitler's dictum. "Every action is meaningful, even crime; passivity, however, is devoid of any meaning." As against this blasphemy, let us remember the words of the Psalms: "Take leisure, and know that I am the Lord God."

REVISION OF THE UNITED NATIONS CHARTER

DOUGLAS G. ANGLIN

UNDER Article 109(3) of the United Nations Charter, a proposal to call a General Conference to review the Charter will automatically be placed on the agenda of the tenth session of the General Assembly in 1955. This fact raises two important questions. First, is the convocation of a review conference desirable and, secondly, what revisions are required in the present Charter? Each of these points will be dealt with in turn.

I

The desirability of calling a conference to overcome the obvious defects of the Charter may appear self-evident. Yet the real question is not the need for reform—which is indisputable—but the advisability of attempting reform at a General Conference called specifically for this purpose. Before coming to a final decision on this point, it is first necessary to assess the prospects of actually achieving reform at such a conference and, also, the possibilities of securing the required changes in other ways.

It must be admitted that the amendment procedure under the Charter is a formidable obstacle to its revision. Proposals must first be adopted by a two-thirds vote in either the General Assembly or a General Conference, and then be ratified by two-thirds of the Member States including all the permanent members of the Security Council. This means that the Western Big Three, the Soviet Union, and the island of Formosa all have a veto. In view of this, it is improbable that any amendments can be adopted in the near future. Whether or not it is impossible depends on the scope of the reforms contemplated. Four possibilities exist.

First, a "punctuation" conference[1] might be held for the limited purpose of securing minor drafting changes. Such a conference might succeed, though the task would still not be easy. Even the most innocent proposals for technical drafting changes are frequently found on examination to involve substantive issues. It is doubtful, however, whether the convening of a full-scale international conference solely for the purpose of dealing with such trivialities could be justified. It would seem more appropriate to ask the General Assembly to deal with such problems.

[1]Ernest A. Gross, "Revising the Charter," *Foreign Affairs*, XXXII (Jan., 1954), 205.

A second possibility is a conference called with the intention of radically reforming the present Charter in the direction of world government, or something like it. It can be said with absolute certainty that such a conference would be doomed to failure. Even if Soviet hostility were circumvented, for example, by driving Russia out of the United Nations, there is no indication that the Western nations would be prepared to take any real steps in the direction of world government in the immediate future.

Thirdly, the conference could seek important but not fundamental changes. At the moment, even to hope for this is wishful thinking, but next year, or several years from now, the world situation might be different. Finally, a conference could be held for the purpose of reviewing the Charter, but not necessarily revising it. The United States is advocating this alternative.

It should be realized that if a General Conference is held, it will not begin where the San Francisco Conference left off. It will not be simply a case of gaining what we failed to secure in 1945. This is impossible because of changes in the world political situation in the intervening years—particularly the breakdown of great-power unity and the extension of the "franchise" in the UN to a large number of newly independent, militarily weak, and economically underdeveloped countries. New states have been created at the rate of one a year since the end of the war, and many more countries are on the threshold of nationhood.

It should not be assumed that a revised Charter will necessarily be better, at least from a Canadian point of view. Indeed, the changes which are most likely to be brought about are precisely those which will have least appeal to us. The plain fact is that the Soviet Union may find it easier than the Western nations to secure the adoption of its proposals for revision. The reason for this is that the "neutral" nations in the cold war—and they hold the balance of power in the UN—are, on the issue of Charter reform, more in sympathy with the Soviet Union than with the West. Furthermore, the Russians would not hesitate to exercise a veto if faced with a hostile majority, whereas the Western powers in a similar position would do so only with the greatest reluctance. In this respect, we are victims of our own propaganda; having condemned the Soviet abuse and even use of the veto, it would seem almost immoral to exercise it except in defence of our most vital national interests. Besides, we are far more sensitive to world public opinion than the Soviet bloc, and consequently more willing to accept compromises. There is, therefore, a

very real danger that the only type of reform which is possible will be unpalatable to us.

The second consideration to be borne in mind in assessing the desirability of calling a special conference for the formal amendment of the Charter, is the extent to which the Charter can be changed informally. A comparison between the Charter drafted in 1945 and the Charter as it operates today reveals that radical revision has already taken place. Despite, and perhaps because of, the rigid procedure for formal amendment, elasticity has had to be provided in other ways. Certainly, the United Nations Charter has proven to be far more flexible than is generally assumed. The words of the Charter have not been altered but their meaning in many cases has. Professor Morgenthau has even claimed that "the new United Nations as it actually operates bears hardly any resemblance to the philosophy and intentions of the Charter."[2] This development has come about in three main ways: through amplification, through interpretation, and through desuetude.

The Charter has been amplified or supplemented both by international agreements among Members and by resolutions of UN organs. Important examples which could be cited are the Declaration of Human Rights, the "Uniting for Peace" resolution, the rules of procedure drawn up by the various UN organs, the Convention on Privileges and Immunities of the United Nations, and declarations of acceptance of the compulsory jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice.

More important are the changes which have been brought about through interpretation. The Charter provides no authoritative method of interpretation, although advisory opinions of the International Court of Justice are certainly important. A particularly significant example was the Court's reassertion, in 1949, of the doctrine of implied powers.[3] But such opinions are neither compulsory nor binding. As a result, each Member State and each organ is, in general, free to operate the Charter as it sees fit.[4] Interpretations of this kind produce precedents, and precedents result in rules which, though not legally binding, do have the powerful sanction of usage. The growth of these unwritten rules has frustrated many of the fundamental intentions of the founders. This is the principal

[2]Hans J. Morgenthau, "The United Nations and the Revision of the Charter," *Review of Politics*, XVI (Jan., 1954), 8–9.

[3]International Court of Justice, *Reports of Judgments, Advisory Opinions and Orders*, "Reparation for Injuries Suffered in the Service of the United Nations," Advisory Opinion of April 11, 1949, p. 182.

[4]"Interpretation of the Charter," Report of Rapporteur of Committee IV/2, *Documents of the United Nations Conference on International Organization, San Francisco, 1945*, XIII, 709–10.

explanation of the radical transformation which has taken place in the Charter.

An excellent example is found in the practice of considering an abstention on the part of a permanent member of the Security Council as constituting a "concurring" vote rather than a veto. It is interesting to note that Russia was the abstaining power in twenty-six of the twenty-nine cases where abstention occurred in the first four years of the UN; and that at no time has she considered the resolutions adopted as invalid or illegal, despite the plain meaning of the Charter. Article 27(3) states that "decisions of the Security Council . . . shall be made by an *affirmative* vote of seven members including the *concurring* votes of the permanent members."

Another instance is the extensive interpretation given by Mr. Trygvie Lie of his own powers under Article 99 to take the initiative in political matters; this has greatly altered the nature of the office of Secretary General. Mention should also be made of the great expansion in the functions of the General Assembly. At San Francisco, the smaller powers including Canada tried without much success to enhance the importance of the General Assembly at the expense of the Security Council. But today the rule of the General Assembly in the political and security sphere is far greater than was contemplated under the modest proposals of 1945. In fact, the General Assembly has largely superseded and indeed eclipsed the Security Council in the handling of political disputes.

The same trend is evident in another field. The Charter makes a sharp distinction between trust territories, which are subject to international administration and supervision, and non-self-governing territories which are not. In the case of the latter, the colonial powers were required under Article 73(e) merely to transmit reports on non-political conditions in their territories "for information purposes." Today, however, the distinction has been blurred, and the UN is exercising an increasing degree of supervision over all colonial territories even in political matters. This is an example of the increasing tendency to interpret narrowly the ill-defined sphere of domestic jurisdiction.

Parts of the Charter have also withered away, either because they have been ignored or because they have not been carried out as originally intended. The outstanding example is the Security Council. Non-permanent membership has certainly not been determined "in the first instance" (Article 23(1)) on a functional basis as Canada had hoped. As already mentioned, the Security Council no longer has, and indeed probably never did have, the "primary responsibility for the maintenance of international peace and security" which

the Charter assigns to it (Article 24(1)). Not a single "special agreement" has been concluded governing "numbers and types of forces, their degree of readiness and general location, and the nature of the facilities and assistance to be provided" to the United Nations, even though these agreements were to be negotiated "as soon as possible" (Article 43). The requirement that "Members shall hold immediately available national air force contingents for combined international enforcement action" (Article 45) is likewise only a dream. Needless to say, the Military Staff Committee has not been called upon to assume "the strategic direction" of the UN armed forces provided for under Article 27(3). Perhaps the decline in the power and prestige of the Security Council can be shown most dramatically by the fact that the number of Council sessions has fallen from a peak of 171 in 1948 to an average of 40 per year since 1951. In 1945, it was expected that the Council would function continuously (Article 28(1)). Yet, in 1953, apart from the six private sessions devoted to choosing a new Secretary General, it did not meet at all until well into August. Almost all political issues are now handled by the General Assembly rather than the Security Council; consequently, the veto has become a rarity.

In view of the bleak prospects for achieving any sort of satisfactory revision of the Charter and the relative ease with which the Charter has developed through informal change, is there any point in considering the convening of a review conference? Some people might contend that such a conference would have great propaganda value if the Russians could be shown to be intransigent and reactionary. But apart from the fact that it would be far easier for the Russians to make life uncomfortable for the West than vice versa, there is always the danger that they might seize the occasion to withdraw from the UN; and this would be nothing short of disastrous. Admittedly, it would be of great educational value if, as proposed by the United States government, "a great debate" on the fundamentals of the Charter were to take place, but this is scarcely likely. A bitter clash between East and West over the terms of the Charter is more likely to weaken than strengthen, let alone reform it, especially if it concentrates world attention on its imperfections and results in impatience and disillusionment. As Sir Gladwyn Jebb said recently: "The really important thing, I believe, is not so much that the United Nations should be reformed or even tidied up—excellent though that operation would be in itself—but simply that it should continue."[5]

[5]"The British Commonwealth, the United States of America and the United Nations," speech at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland, January 13, 1954. Remarks of Sir Gladwyn quoted below are also taken from this speech.

My own opinion is that a review conference should not be held unless the chances of achieving modest improvements are considerably more promising than at present. This does not mean, however, that no preparations should be made until it is decided whether the conference is to be held. The first steps in this direction have in fact already been taken by the UN,[6] by several governments including the Canadian government, and by numerous private organizations. Besides, there is every indication at present that a review conference will be held in 1956, even if the Soviet bloc boycotts it. It is, therefore, important to discuss the specific proposals which are likely to be advanced at that time.

II

Proposals for reform of the United Nations Charter may be considered to fall into two main categories: those concerned with functions and powers and those dealing with organization. The question of UN functions and powers is itself twofold. First, there is the problem of scope or competence, and secondly, the nature of the powers.

The question of competence is analogous to that of provincial autonomy in Canada; it is the question of defining the distribution of powers between two levels of government. Although the stated purposes of the UN are most comprehensive, the scope of its authority is not unlimited. According to Article 2(7), "*Nothing* contained in the present Charter shall authorize the United Nations to *intervene* in matters which are essentially within the *domestic jurisdiction* of any State" except in the case of enforcement action. But, as has already been suggested, the Charter provides no machinery for judicial or even political review, and as a result widely differing interpretations can and have been given to this crucial clause. This is inevitable, not only because the terms "intervene" and "domestic jurisdiction" are in themselves ambiguous, but also because the UN cannot possibly avoid encroaching on domestic affairs if it is to carry out the functions assigned to it. It is almost as if policemen were called on to keep order without making arrests, or governments to spend money without raising it.

There are three general points of view on this issue. Some UN members consider, for example, that the mere mention in Article 55(c) of the Charter that "the United Nations shall promote: . . . [the] observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms," is evidence that the whole field of human rights was not regarded by

[6]General Assembly Resolution 796 (VIII), November 27, 1953.

the founders as "essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any State." For us in Canada, this would be a revolutionary doctrine for we are still debating whether human rights is a federal or a provincial matter. Other Member States, mainly countries like the Union of South Africa and France whose policies have been the object of widespread criticism, have been staunch defenders of what we would call "provincial rights." An intermediate group of states, Canada included, has tried to straddle the fence by maintaining, for example, that while South Africa's treatment of her own people is a matter of domestic concern, discussion of the issue does not constitute intervention within the meaning of the Charter.

The review conference ought to clarify this confusing and explosive issue by stating more precisely what limits are to be placed on the competence of the UN. There is also a need to provide machinery, preferably judicial machinery, to settle authoritatively the differences of opinion which will inevitably arise regardless of what "final" definition of domestic jurisdiction is adopted. The basic difficulty is not so much that present encroachments in the internal affairs of Member States are so objectionable, but that if the recent trend continues—and there is every indication that it will—the concept of a sphere of domestic jurisdiction will soon have no real meaning. This is why so many states are as concerned about erosions of national autonomy as Mr. Duplessis is with alleged encroachments on the jurisdiction of the province of Quebec. A further difficulty is that UN "interventions" have been almost entirely at the expense of the Western powers. Were the UN to pay more attention to internal affairs in, say, Egypt, Poland, or Columbia, the present situation would be fairer. (The recent I.L.O. report on Forced Labour, with its searching analysis of labour conditions behind the Iron Curtain, is a promising beginning.) The Western nations must, however, realize that, whether they like it or not, the concept of domestic jurisdiction as it existed in the past is no longer acceptable to the vast majority of the world's people. Concessions on this point are part of the price that must be paid if the West is to come to terms with the revolutionary forces at work in the world today. Compromise, however painful, may well be necessary as the price of survival.

Once the scope of UN functions has been settled, there is the question of its powers. The present position is that, in general, the UN can only discuss, report, and recommend. Its resolutions have no binding effect on states, except in the case of the Security Council which was provided with both teeth and the power to bite. UN

Members took the unprecedented step of agreeing in advance to carry out its decisions (Article 25). The extensive use of the veto has, however, effectively muzzled the Security Council; and, during its brief period of activity, it displayed little evidence of bark and none of bite. Thus, the one real threat in the Charter to the sovereign independence of UN Members has been successfully eliminated.

The inability of the UN to enforce its decisions is the central weakness of the Charter in the view of advocates of world government—who presumably include almost everyone to a greater or less extent. The great need is to give the UN "powers which, however limited, are nevertheless real." The General Assembly, it is said, should become a Parliament of Man capable of enacting legislation which is legally binding without the need for subsequent ratification by national governments. This analysis is perfectly sound; the only difficulty is that, in terms of 1956, it can only be regarded as visionary. And any attempt to revise the Charter in this direction might conceivably cause more harm than good.

My own view is that a world state is unlikely to result from such frontal attacks. More hopeful is the possibility that states will increasingly agree in advance to accept as binding specific UN recommendations, as the Big Four did in connection with the disposal of the former Italian colonies.[7] Furthermore, UN resolutions, which at present have only the moral sanction of world public opinion, may in time, by general consent or possibly even with judicial support, be considered to have legal force. It is encouraging to recall that this is the way the common law emerged, though less encouraging to remember that this development encompassed several centuries.

The most appropriate form of organization for the United Nations cannot, of course, be determined until its powers are defined. But even if no modifications are made in the present powers of the UN, certain structural changes will no doubt be considered, with the dual purpose of perfecting the organization of the UN as it is now constituted, and of clearing away certain organizational obstacles to its future development.

A basic weakness underlying the present organization of the UN and hindering its development is the first and fundamental principle of the Charter, the equality of all Members of the UN (Article 2 (1)). Such a principle flies in the face of one of the most obvious facts of the modern world—the enormous and increasing inequality

[7]Annex XI, "Treaty of Peace with Italy signed February 10, 1947"; Canada, Department of External Affairs, *Treaty Series*, 1947, no. 4.

of states as regards military and political power, size and wealth, levels of literacy and culture, etc. Any organization which refuses to face up to these facts is being dangerously unrealistic.

Mr. Mackenzie King anticipated this problem when, in 1943, he enunciated the functional principle. He recognized that if all states were to be given an "equal voice in international decisions, no effective decisions are likely to be taken"—and the experience of the past ten years has shown how right Mr. King was. The solution is to give each state a role in the UN corresponding to its role in the world. Power and responsibility must be correlated.

The attempts of the framers of the Charter to meet this problem have not been conspicuously successful. The first device used, the veto, is subject to two objections. It is too crude a form of weighted voting, and it is too comprehensive. No doubt, the veto will come up for discussion at the proposed review conference and some reform is possible, though unlikely. Certainly abolition is inconceivable, and possibly even undesirable, without some alternative system of weighted voting. As Sir Gladwyn Jebb said recently, "The 'principle of the veto' is not only desirable if the UN is to continue to exist but is also inevitable." The only alternative is world government, and at present that really is not an alternative. Some further attempts may be made to bypass the veto as part of the general trend towards ignoring the Security Council and enhancing the position of the General Assembly, but these will merely aggravate the problem which the veto was intended to solve, the real inequalities among member states.

The most hopeful prospect is for a whittling down of the number of issues to which the veto applies. The Soviet Union might conceivably consent to surrender its veto over applications for membership in the UN, if Western nations were willing to amend or ignore the Charter provisions as far as the admission of Soviet satellites is concerned. This is a real possibility as many states—the United States apparently being an exception—feel that the UN should be as universal as possible. (It would be an even greater advance if the conference agreed to the automatic admission of all states, whether "peace-loving" or not, particularly if it also decided to refer disputes as to whether or not an applicant were a "state" to the International Court of Justice for settlement.) Suggestions have also been made that the veto should not apply to the peaceful settlement of disputes, the selection of a Secretary General, and decisions as to whether the veto applies or not (the "double veto"); but little progress can be expected in these directions. In 1948 the United States Senate

approved the surrender of the veto over most of these questions, but Russia's attitude is quite unchanged.

The second device introduced into the Charter was the principle of functional representation on UN councils (Articles 23 (1), 44, 86 (1)). That is, each council was to be composed of a small number of states which had substantial contributions to make to the work of that council. This functional principle, hailed in 1945 as a great advance in the evolution of international institutions, has turned out to be almost a dead letter. Part of the explanation is the decline in importance of UN councils, especially the Security Council; but the persistent refusal of Member States to act in accordance with the functional principle when electing council members is the principal explanation. Equitable geographical representation and a desire to "share the honours" have in practice been the dominant considerations in allocating Council seats. The assignment of only one non-permanent seat on the Security Council to the Commonwealth has been particularly indefensible.

Although the intentions of the framers at San Francisco have on the whole been frustrated, the need to relate power in the UN to world responsibilities outside the UN is as important now as it was then—and indeed more important. A number of new and small states have joined since San Francisco, and many more applications are awaiting Security Council approval. Recent technological changes have greatly increased the gap between the super-atomic powers and the twopenny-halfpenny banana republics. Furthermore, it is becoming increasingly evident that there is no real prospect of strengthening the UN while the preposterous principle of state equality remains. Mr. John Foster Dulles, in deploring the fact that the General Assembly was permitted only to "recommend," stated the obvious truth when he said that "the Assembly voting procedure, with one vote per nation, precludes its decisions having more than advisory weight."[8] Majorities under such a system are often not only unrepresentative but also irresponsible. This is the key organizational issue in the UN. Little progress is likely to be made until an acceptable system of weighted voting is adopted.

Here the important word is "acceptable." No "political" international organization has yet even seriously considered the problem, though a number of specialized organizations like the International Wheat Council, the International Monetary Fund, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and the Schuman Plan

[8]August 26, 1953: Department of State *Bulletin*, XXIX, no. 741 (Sept. 7, 1953), 310.

Assembly are using functional voting systems. The difficulty is not so much that the principle is unreasonable but that agreement on the basis on which votes are to be weighted is difficult to secure. The ideal is a system which is simple, fair, and automatic.

Two main approaches are possible. In the first place, a formula could be drawn up and an independent commission established to work out the scale of votes on the basis of statistical evidence made available to it. An alternative method is to group states into classes with each class being given say 1, 2, 3, or 5 votes. In this case, the General Assembly would presumably decide which states are to fall into each category. The present system which, in effect, gives the Soviet Union three votes in the UN (and also the offer in 1945 of three votes to the United States) is an example of a crude attempt at an *ad hoc* scheme of weighted voting.

Whatever system is used, some decision must be made concerning the basic factors which are to be weighted. Weighting votes in proportion to population would be a straightforward, objective, and obvious solution, but population is not the only consideration in determining the importance of a state. As Mr. Pearson has said: "The criterion of population alone . . . would certainly not do, because it is often in conflict with such tests as economic resources and development, trade and commercial importance, or military strength."[9] The difficulty is that an attempt by Western nations to emphasize these factors at the expense of population figures is bound to appear to the heavily populated, under-developed areas of the world as a cynical attempt at discrimination.

It will also be necessary to decide on the proper ratio between the number of votes assigned to the greatest and to the smallest states. The greater the weighting, the more inclined the major powers will be to accept weighted voting as a substitute for the veto. On the other hand, a wide spread between the maximum and minimum number of votes will lose the support of the smaller states, which is also essential to the acceptance of a system. It is clear that working out a scheme of functional voting is going to make the task of redistributing parliamentary seats seem simple.

Fortunately, there are certain ways in which the task might be made easier. Weighted voting might be adopted for certain purposes only, such as resolutions on financial measures or on the settlements of disputes; or different formulae might be adopted for different purposes. Another possibility is the introduction of a double voting

[9]April 15, 1952. Department of External Affairs, *Statements and Speeches*, no. 52/17, p. 4.

system; Mr. John Foster Dulles has suggested that General Assembly resolutions might be passed by a "combination vote"—"a majority of all the Members, on the basis of sovereign equality, and also a majority vote, on a weighted basis, which takes into account population, resources, etc."[10] The most logical suggestion so far put forward is to relate voting power to financial or military contributions to the UN. Under such a system, Member States would be both encouraged to support the UN and discouraged from asking for too many votes.

Although the reorganization of the UN on a basis which reflects more realistically the true state of the world is the most pressing and most fundamental organizational problem facing the UN, other problems will undoubtedly be raised at any review conference. Suggestions will certainly be made for the revamping of UN machinery for collective security. The "Uniting for Peace" resolution of 1950, important as it is, falls far short of the needs of the situation. Sir Gladwyn Jebb has gone so far as to suggest recently that "it is useless to think that the United Nations, as at present constituted, provides us with any real collective security." The prospect of resurrecting the Security Council and related paraphenalia is not too encouraging, but some progress towards the formation of an international force is at least conceivable, particularly if weighted voting were to become a reality. The extension of the machinery of the Peace Observation Commission is also possible, and obviously desirable. The institution of a regular practice of stationing UN missions in areas of potential conflict, such as Thailand, instead of confining them to points of actual conflict, would be a significant advance.

The non-political machinery of the UN is even more likely to be reviewed. Mr. Pearson has reminded us that "it would be foolish to forget that for most of the so-called 'under-developed' nations of the world, it is precisely in the social and economic articles of the UN Charter that they see the main appeal and the greatest value in international co-operation."[11] Hence we can anticipate strong pressure for international machinery to deal with the distribution of raw materials, the financing of economic development, and the enforcement of human rights.

Finally, the machinery of the Trusteeship Council, and particularly the Special Committee on Information from Non-Self-Governing Territories, is bound to be strengthened. The extension of UN supervision over and administration of dependent peoples is inevitable,

[10] January 18, 1954: Department of State *Press Release* no. 19 (1954), 5.
[11] January 1, 1954. Department of External Affairs, *Statements and Speeches*, no. 54/1, p. 3.

though formal amendment of the Charter is not the only way of bringing it about.

III

In approaching the question of revision of the United Nations Charter, it is important that exaggerated hopes for substantial reforms should not be raised. Nor should Charter revision be regarded as the answer to all the world's problems, or even to all the difficulties of the UN. Mr. Paul Martin made this point when he said, "I do not think any one of us believes that Charter revision is a panacea for the deep-rooted ills of international life."[12] Furthermore, we should be acutely conscious of the dangers of tinkering with such a delicate and explosive mechanism as the Charter. The possibility of getting badly burned is very real; and we may even find the whole UN blowing up in our faces. This does not mean that no consideration should now be given to the problem. On the contrary, the right sort of preparation is essential if the question of revision is to be viewed in its proper perspective.

What reforms, if any, will be adopted in 1956 depends very largely on the precise world political situation—international and domestic—at the time. Our best policy for the present is to prepare for every eventuality, but at the same time to concentrate attention on the fundamental issues, particularly domestic jurisdiction and weighted voting. It is important, too, that only skilled surgeons should be allowed to operate on the Charter. If none is available, or if the diagnoses conflict, then we ought to play safe and apply only first aid.

[12]October 23, 1953; Department of External Affairs, *Statements and Speeches*, no. 53/40, p. 7.

MUSIC AND MORALITY IN THOMAS MANN AND HERMANN HESSE

G. W. Field

NO ONE can have even a passing acquaintance with the works of Mann and of Hesse without being aware of the very special role of music in both these writers. Much has been written on various aspects of music in Thomas Mann's work, but little attention has so far been given to this theme in Hesse. So far as possible this comparative study seeks to avoid purely technical features (although in the case of Mann some involvement in musical theory is inevitable) and it is our intention to concentrate on the meaning of music in its widest sense, the role of music in life, its significance in human culture, in other words its relation to moral actions and concepts.

The divergent tendencies of our two authors are obvious enough in this regard and this difference may be illustrated by the following statements. Young Adrian Leverkühn, the hero of Mann's *Dr. Faustus*, finds that "music is systematized equivocation"[1] and this attitude is made even more explicit in the author's essay on *Germany and the Germans*: "Music is a demonic realm." Hermann Hesse, on the other hand, wrote in a letter in 1934: "What interests me . . . [is] the real spirit of genuine music, its morality."

The concept "music" is a very wide and vague one. Even apart from the music of India, China, and Japan (in which countries its development and cultural importance is considerable), within the relatively narrow confines of the Western musical system there is scope for very diverse styles and kinds of music. We must ask ourselves: what music, what kind of music have Mann and Hesse in mind? Only then may we go on to examine its relation to life and art. From this study should emerge not merely some interesting comments on music but some deeper insight into the world of thought of each author and his attitude toward life. Their last major works, *Dr. Faustus* and *Das Glasperlenspiel*, offer the best points of departure for this comparison. In these works each writer has distilled the product of a life full of preoccupation with music and its role in the composite cultural history of mankind. In each work music plays an almost equally conspicuous part, so that the comparison of one work

[1]All translations from the original German are by the writer. The editions of the major works referred to are as follows: Thomas Mann, *Doktor Faustus: Das Leben des deutschen Tonsetzers Adrian Leverkühn erzählt von einem Freunde* (Berlin/Frankfurt a.M., 1947); Hermann Hesse, *Das Glasperlenspiel: Versuch einer Lebensbeschreibung des Magister Ludi Josef Knecht samt Knechts hinterlassenen Schriften* (Zürich, 1943).

with the other is facilitated. We shall deal with Mann first, not because he is the simpler, for the paradoxical complexity of his thought structure is often baffling, but because the ethical implications of music seem in his work to be more negative than in Hesse's.

I

In *Dr. Faustus*, music is essentially Janus-faced. Its very elements, *Geist* and *Trieb* (intellect and instinct), are equivocal expressions of the antithetical forces of the divine and the demonic in life. It is significant that Adrian Leverkühn's interest in music is awakened simultaneously with the onset of sex, puberty, and with the beginning of illness, his characteristic migraine.

Adrian's guide into the world of music, Kretzschmar,[2] is himself an enigmatic, paradoxical personality, and this is no doubt intentional. For Kretzschmar's combination of physical inadequacy with intellectual and artistic insight is subtly suggestive of the ambivalent nature of music itself. Kretzschmar's commentaries give us the framework by which Adrian's later compositions are to be judged. Speaking of the antithetical components of music, aspirations of the mind and claims of the senses, he finds two opposing tendencies: on the one hand music has a latent inclination to the ascetic, the antisensuous, *nur-Geistige*, a tendency to be no longer heard or felt, to be music for the eye and intellect alone; on the other hand it has a strong atavistic drive to return to its basic material, its primitive demonic elements. This latter drive is especially apparent in the development of orchestral music in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries with stress on harmonic texture and mass effect. Wagner is mentioned in this connection and as prime example of the tendency Kretzschmar cites the opening A flat major triad of the *Ring des Nibelungen*. Stravinski, especially his *Sacre du Printemps*, might be added as a more recent example.[3] The piano, on the other hand, is the representative of music in its intellectuality. The human voice of course bridges these two disparate tendencies and Adrian's most characteristic compositions are songs, a puppet music-drama, an

[2]Pennsylvania-born Wendell Kretzschmar seems to be drawn at least in part from Hermann Kretzschmar (1848–1924) who, according to *Brockhaus*, was "along with Riemann the most significant musical scholar of his time." The career in Germany of Mann's Kretzschmar closely parallels that of the real Kretzschmar, especially in the geographical centres in which he was active. There may be traits also of Edmund Kretschmer, organist and composer (1830–1908).

[3]"With *Le Sacre du Printemps*," reads the article in Hughes' *Music Encyclopedia*, "the strident and bizarre effects that made *Petrouchka* a masterpiece of bitter irony were augmented with an unprecedented complexity of rhythm and harsh, grinding dissonances which literally portrayed the earth-beating dances of a prehistoric race in a spring festival."

opera, and an oratorio, all of which feature the human voice and all of which are based on this underlying ambivalence. It is significant that Adrian's last opus, *Dr. Fausti Weheklag*, a "symphonic cantata," ends with the extinction of the human voice and a final orchestral movement.

It becomes Adrian's aim to escape from the dead-end of post-Romantic developments, to emancipate music from the sphere of the merely musical and elevate it to the level of the universal cultural-intellectual. But it may be observed here that the so-called "merely musical" is Hesse's "genuine" music: the music which is healthy and moral, transcendent over death, decay, and disease. Mann's music, instead of serving as guide and model for mankind and man's moral status, becomes the expression of the anarchic, dissident, and demonic elements in modern culture. It is linked with death instead of life.

Hesse's music, Mann's "mere music," is an expression of faith in the human soul. Adrian Leverkühn is not only completely cynical and without faith in man, in whom he sees only weaknesses and foibles, but he himself lacks "soul." His one-sided nature—cold intellectuality—Mann, with characteristic insight, depicts as most dangerously threatened by exposure to naked impulse, *das Tierische*. We are told that "warmth and coldness prevailed concurrently in his work . . . a glowing edifice that brought home the concept of the demonic like nothing else on earth."

Adrian despairs of the possibility of genuine art in the traditional sense and in the traditional forms. The "work" of art as such, as "a structure self-sufficient and rounded out harmonically within itself," appears inadmissible, intellectually impossible in any legitimate relation to the "absolute uncertainty, ambiguity and lack of harmony that characterize the state of our society today." At this stage the only recourse for the artist appears to lie in parody and this is the direction taken by the works of Leverkühn's middle period. It involves a "mocking, ironisation of tonality, of traditional music," and to the alarmed Serenus Zeitblom it seems to involve a "mocking of humanism" itself.

Beyond the range of parody, however, there is the possibility of art breaking the bonds of art, of form, and becoming direct *Erkenntnis* (cognition). To emancipate art and make possible this immediate expression of ultimate human and cosmic fate becomes Adrian's final goal, particularly in his last work, *Dr. Fausti Weheklag*. That this is still admissible as a "work" at all is attributable to its strict external form, constructed as it is of variations on the theme "I die a good and evil Christian." In other respects it bursts the bonds of traditional

art to give direct expression to the cosmic lament of doomed humanity. It is a "taking back" of Beethoven's ninth symphony and the hymn to joy. The normal or traditional relationships are present only in inversion or perversion: the theme itself is equivocal (a good and evil Christian); the admonition of Christ, "Watch with me," is inverted—"they were to betake themselves to bed and sleep peacefully"; the sacrament of the Last Supper is suggested by the *Johannstrunk*; the angel chorus of the first half is taken up in inverted form by the demonic chant of the second part. The development of *Geist*, order, form, out of the sensuous elements given by the orchestra, is reversed, so that the human voice, in this context the carrier of *Geist*, is superseded by the wail of cosmic grief in the orchestra: "I find [writes Serenus Zeitblom] that here, towards the end, the uttermost accents of anguish are attained, expression has been given to the ultimate despair. . . . Then there is nothing more—silence and night."

At this point there would seem to be the widest possible gulf between Mann's music with its dark and demonic role and Hesse's music of light and enlightenment. But Mann here introduces yet another paradox. What, he says, if the merest suggestion of hope germinated out of this deepest despair? It would be the miracle that transcends faith. We are now made aware that in the conclusion, as one choir after another falls silent in the orchestra, the last tone that remains is the high G of a solitary cello—then darkness and silence. But this last hovering note of the cello is like a light in the darkness.

This does not go far towards bridging the gulf between the attitudes of Mann and Hesse. It does introduce a parallel note of optimism. But the optimism is different in nature. Mann's optimistic note enters only after darkness and despair have engulfed the human scene. It is a transcendental, metaphysical, one might almost say theological optimism, dependent on an act of grace from above. Hesse's optimism is founded on man, on faith in the individual human being and the formative power of human reason symbolized in classical music.

II

Turning to Hesse, we can now trace briefly in the earlier works the development of his attitude to music which comes to full fruition in *Das Glasperlenspiel*. Among the cultural forces which contend for the soul of the early autobiographical hero *Peter Camenzind* is Wagner. (All of Hesse's characters are in an unusually high degree autobiographical.) At first under the spell of the giant of Bayreuth, Camenzind finds his way to a rejection of this music. *Gertrud* is an artist-novel in which all the main characters and most secondary ones

are musicians: Kuhn the creative artist, violinist, and composer; his friend Muoth the performing "artist," the singer whose inner emptiness and frustration are masked behind his "representation" in life and in art (a tour de force which is continuous, which demands increasing recourse to the bottle, and which finally breaks him); between them is Gertrud the understanding woman, herself an accomplished pianist. But from this novel music emerges with a message. It teaches Kuhn to embrace and accept life despite his physical inadequacies (he is crippled in a toboggan accident in early manhood) and despite the frustration of his love for Gertrud (who marries Muoth and after the latter's death lives in semi-seclusion in Kuhn's vicinity). In *Demian*, the work in which Hesse first propounds his highly personal philosophy of life, the result of years of self-examination and questioning under the impact of the First World War, music is one of the important cultural influences by means of which an individual soul can find itself and develop into a personality.

Steppenwolf carries his personal philosophy a stage further and develops a devastating critique of the age. Music is here one of the important symptoms in the *Kulturkritik* and at the same time is one of the chief routes of escape from the dilemma in which the contemporary individual finds himself in a disintegrating civilization. Jazz is symptomatic of this disintegration. It is "Musik des Untergangs" and it is the focus of much of the criticism levelled at society. On the other hand Mozart (along with Goethe) is one of the immortals who is ever available and ever present to the individual who will search for him. Even disfigured in such a hellish contraption as the modern phonograph or radio (the date was 1926), the mind—*Geist*—in Mozart cannot be completely extinguished. Moreover Pablo, the saxophone player, in the metamorphosis of the "Magic Theatre," to Harry Haller's astonishment, is also Mozart. Clearly this metamorphosis symbolizes Hesse's optimism on an individual plane even in the face of his pessimism where the social fabric and the historical process as a whole are concerned.[4] Every jazz fiend, he implies, has within him the potentialities which the spirit of a Mozart is capable of animating and the continued existence of such individual immortals as Goethe and Mozart is the portent of the undying potentialities inherent in the individual human soul.

It is significant that Mozart and not Beethoven is the figure chosen by Hesse to convey this message. In fact Hesse sees the symptoms of decadence and disease already setting in with Beethoven and culminat-

[4]Hesse's position seems close to that of M. Albert Camus who has declared he is "pessimiste quant à la destinée humaine . . . optimiste quant à l'homme."

ing in a virtual pestilence with Brahms and Wagner. In the "Magic Theatre" at the end of *Steppenwolf* Hesse conjures up an amusing vision of Wagner and Brahms condemned to Sisyphean labours. We are transported to a vast desert ringed in by misty mountains and sea:

> In this plain we saw a dignified old bearded gentleman who, with melancholy mien, was leading a mighty procession of some tens of thousands of men clothed in black. It looked depressing and hopeless, and Mozart said:
>
> "Look, that's Brahms. He's striving for redemption, but he still has a good way to go."
>
> I learned that the thousands of black figures were all the players of those voices and notes which, according to divine judgment, had been redundant in his scores.
>
> "Instrumentation too turgid, too much material squandered," Mozart nodded.
>
> And immediately afterwards we saw Richard Wagner marching at the head of an equally great host and we felt the heavily laden thousands pulling and drawing on him; we saw him too drag himself along on tired, contrite feet. . . .
>
> Mozart laughed. ". . . Turgid instrumentation was after all neither Wagner's nor Brahm's personal shortcoming, it was an error of their time."
>
> "What? And for that they have to do such heavy penance now?" I cried accusingly.
>
> "Naturally. It's the normal course of justice. Only when they have expiated the guilt of their age will it be evident whether there is left a large enough personal contribution to merit a balancing of accounts."[5]

From this passage it is evident that Hesse is highly critical of the mass effects and emotional saturation achieved with too full and too elaborate harmonic emphasis. This is the dangerous, demonic, emotional side which he sees suppressing the *Geist* (the spiritual and intellectual qualities) in music, the strictly controlled and yet magically effective pattern of counterpoint melody as exemplified by eighteenth-century and earlier masters. The passage also indicates the reciprocal relationship between the decadent music of Wagner and Brahms and the decadent culture in which they lived. They could not escape their own time. Thirdly, we see that the individual, although powerless so far as the tendency of his time is concerned, is nevertheless involved in guilt for the faults of his generation. The wording suggests the connection with the religious doctrine of the fall of man. Finally, we see in the passage Hesse's characteristic optimism on an individual plane. Just as Brahms and Wagner can work their way out of the purgatory they have created for themselves, so can the individual

[5] *Steppenwolf* (Berlin, 1927), 270–3.

work his way through the layers of impediments in the surrounding world and arrive at a genuine expression of his latent personality as he responds to the manifestations of *Geist*.

Since humility and a sense of humour may both be ranked among the moral virtues, it may perhaps be not altogether irrelevant before leaving this passage in *Steppenwolf* to refer to the following paragraphs. The vision of the predicament of Wagner and Brahms causes in Hesse, or rather in his hero Harry Haller, a nightmare spectacle in which he too is condemned to drag after him thousands upon thousands of similar black figures: all those words he had written that were superfluous, all the typesetters and their hours of futile toil, the labours of proofreaders, the wasted time of readers.[6]

It is characteristic of Hesse that he rejects all music after Beethoven, while Thomas Mann is fascinated by the musical trend which begins with Beethoven and culminates in Wagner and ultimately in Schönberg and the fictitious Adrian Leverkühn. Yet it is Hesse who is often curtly dismissed as an unhealthy, introspective, Romantic poet, while the world weighs gravely (not without reason) every pronouncement of Thomas Mann. We are all familiar with the latter's fascination with the spell of Romanticism, death and decay in communion with love and beauty. Even in his last cosmic encounter with this theme in *Dr. Faustus*, aware though he is of the inherent pitfalls, dangers, and disasters, Mann nevertheless leaves us with the implicit assumption that great art is possible only under these conditions and that perhaps the ineffable beauty of such creative work may be worth the grim details on the other side of the coin, the side of life. In comparison with Mann at any rate, Hesse sometimes assumes the aspect of a pure classicist and he has in fact recently been described as a true spirit of the eighteenth century, the last exponent of a cosmopolitan, classical humanism.[7] Certainly Hesse is essentially a moralist, interested primarily in the ethical implications of music, its meaning and value for the individual human soul, and it follows that Hesse's music must have a firm rational structure. Borrowing psychological terms, one might say it is under strict control of the super-ego, whereas Mann's music tends to inhabit the realm of the id, the amoral and irrational aspect of life. But to learn the full import of music in man's moral life, as Hesse sees it, we must look more closely at his last great work.

[6]This is a striking example of the autobiographical subjectivism which runs through Hesse's work. The hero, Harry Haller, who has this experience, we know to be too much of a dilettante to have written or published much if anything. But the hero is by this time so closely identified in our minds with the author that we feel no jar at this reference.

[7]R. C. Andrews, "The Poetry of Hermann Hesse," *German Life and Letters* (Jan., 1953).

III

In the introductory chapter of *Das Glasperlenspiel*, Hesse paints a grim picture of our disintegrating civilization, in which again music plays a symptomatic role. He sees nothing of value achieved in music in this age of ours: even the works of the "immortals," Bach and Mozart, are disfigured in performance by the effort to gain mass emotional appeal through dynamic effects, as conductors vie with one another to give more forceful renderings of the classical masterpieces. Productivity in music as in the other arts comes to a standstill, because of the *cul-de-sac* along which music has been travelling, towards utter anarchy, the breakdown of all forms leaving only the meaningless chaos of dynamism per se. However in the midst of this complete breakdown of all cultural forms and traditions there arise hopeful lights in isolated individuals who, in reaction against the trend of the times, become skilled musicologists penetrating to the spirit of the classical composers. From these beginnings, i.e. from the spirit of classical music, arises the "Glasperlenspiel" itself.

The "glass-bead game" is the magnetic pole around which revolves the life of the cultural *élite* of Castalia. It is a synthesis of all the arts and humanistic studies, and it is significant that music and mathematics were predominant in its genesis. For music, according to Schopenhauer, is the dynamic will itself and constantly strives to break the bonds of form and return to its primeval state of chaotic energy. But Hesse clamps a Kantian moral will upon the would-be formless energy of music, in the guise of mathematics, the most formal, rational, and precise aspect of human intelligence. Eventually all the other humanistic disciplines share in this cultural synthesis which is the "Glasperlenspiel." Music is subdued, the demonic force of Schopenhauer and of Thomas Mann is bridled and made the servant and subtle instrument of intellect, *Geist*.

On the other hand, Hesse's music, deprived of its demonic, dynamic, and amoral element, is perforce sterile. Whereas Adrian Leverkühn and the Germany symbolized by him stride onwards and upwards (or perhaps downwards) in the tormenting spiral of heightened creativity, Hesse's "Glasperlenspieler" in their austere intellectual atmosphere are not only devoid of original creativity but actually have a horror of any tendency in this direction. For Hesse, genuine music, *echte Musik*, is to be found only in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, marked by emphasis on the fugue and on counterpoint. This music underwent almost miraculous development in the hands of Monteverdi, Purcell, Scarlatti, Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. In their hands it came to express the

ultimate human moral values while remaining within the confines of the strictest form.

Hesse regards form in art as simply an expression of faith, not necessarily a religious faith but at least faith in humanity. He wrote in a letter in 1932: "There can be no form without faith, and there can be no faith without prior despair, without prior (and also subsequent) knowledge of chaos." The last part of this statement indicates the extent to which Hesse has penetrated the problematic aspects of natures such as Bach and Mozart (and Goethe). Personal faith, morality, genuine art are not attained lightly, and the more gifted the personality the more desperate the struggle. Nothing irritated Harry Haller, the "Steppenwolf," so much as the conventional portrait of the calm, Olympian Goethe, which suggested nothing of the preceding depths through which he had passed. But these "immortals" of the classical centuries did not surrender to the threatening chaos and human despair that beset them. They fought their way through to a recognition of the supremacy of *Geist*, order and form, reason and morality.

The problem of form in music finds Thomas Mann on similar ground. It is one of the central preoccupations of Adrian Leverkühn who shares some of Hesse's misgivings at contemporary trends in music. Leverkühn realizes too the necessity of reimposing strict form and he also realizes he must go back to the earliest period, the sixteenth century, the age of Luther, in order to rediscover the necessary formal elements. But he does this with his tongue in his cheek. The Luther-parody makes this relationship clear. Leverkühn wants the stricter form only in order to be able to give greater sway to the dark and demonic forces. He reaches out for the form without the spirit. This is suggested by his incapacity for love, his coldness, and the palpable frigidity of the devil. He combines this strict form with the most revolutionary and destructive content, and he does it all without inner faith or conviction. Therefore he can never escape the limits of parody. In Hesse's terms this music of Leverkühn would be *unecht*, ungenuine and amoral. Thus we see that, starting from the same problem of musical form, Hesse and Mann once again emerge on different territory.

One of the key terms used by Hesse to convey the essential meaning of genuine music in its moral connotations is *Heiterkeit*. Any translation must necessarily lose some of the important overtones in Hesse's context. "Serenity" suggests calm, quiescence, passivity, and has no connotations of activity, responsiveness, cheerfulness, and gaiety all of which the German term adumbrates. Another important consti-

tuent is "balance." *Heiterkeit* connotes the transcending of dissensions, such as the conflict between *Geist* and *Natur*, and it implies a state of happy equilibrium. The supreme example is the old *Musikmeister* who is literally transfigured in *Heiterkeit* before his physical demise. He exemplifies all the virtues in music and in life. From one of his favourite ancient Chinese sages, Lü Pu Wei, Hesse in a letter in 1934 quoted the following dictum which later also found its way into the first volume of *Das Glasperlenspiel*: "Perfect music has its cause. It is born of equilibrium. Equilibrium arises from a meaningful universe. Hence one can talk of music only with one who has perceived the meaning of the universe." Thus we see the relationship in Hesse's mind between "perfect" or "genuine" music and that balance which results from recognition of meaningfulness in the world. It is no mere coincidence that the perfect music of the eighteenth century found its fulfilment in the age of rationalism and humanism, of the moral philosophers Shaftesbury and Leibnitz, in an ordered, harmonious universe. The obverse is evident. To Hesse the world today is meaningless and has quite lost its moral virtue as a symbol and guide.

There is, furthermore, a direct connection between music and the political organization of society, for the latter of course reflects the state of morals. The Chinese sage records that the tenor of music was regarded as a direct expression of the temper of morals and politics: "In legendary China . . . a leading role was accorded music in the life of the nation and the court; the welfare of music was directly equated with that of culture and morals and the state of the realm." The degeneration of moral and political life is mirrored in the debasement of genuine music which is replaced by a false dynamic expression lacking all *Heiterkeit*:

Lü Pu Wei is informed on Wagner too, the pied piper and favourite composer of the second German Empire and still more of the Third Reich: "The more Saturnalian the music, the more dangerous becomes the nation, the deeper sinks the ruler" etc. Or: "Intoxicating such music is, to be sure, but it has departed from the nature of true music. Therefore this music is not serene [*heiter*]. If music is not serene, the populace grumbles and a blight descends upon life" and "The music of a well-ordered age is controlled [*ruhig*] and cheerful [*heiter*] and the régime equable. The music of an uneasy epoch is excited and excessive and its régime is awry. The music of a decaying state is sentimental and sad and its régime is imperilled.[8]

[8]*Briefe* (Frankfurt, 1951), 137–8; also repeated, in part verbatim, in *Das Glasperlenspiel*, I, 42–4; see also p. 203: "Everywhere among the older Chinese writers he came upon the praise of music as one of the original springs of all order, morals, beauty and health, and this broad and moral conception of music had long since become familiar to him through the music-master who could be considered its very embodiment."

In the well-ordered world of the Castalian *élite* of the *Glasperlenspiel*, the spirit of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music reigns supreme. Hesse suggests that there is no scarcity of this musical material, for the labours of conscientious generations of musicologists have uncovered a wealth of unknown or forgotten manuscripts, and in the case of the familiar monuments of the period they have penetrated through the false encrustations of subsequent generations to the original spirit of the work in its own time. There is such a wealth of this "genuine" spiritual and intellectual music that no need is felt in the Castalian world for any additions and the ban on creative activity is in force in music as in the other arts. What this world has accomplished can be described as an extension of the influence of this highly moral and intellectual music into all the realms and activities of life. The "Glasperlenspiel" itself is a sort of improvisation in which "genuine" musical themes are "played" in variations architectural, mathematical, poetical etc., comprising a sort of encylopaedic counterpoint of all the arts and studies. It has developed, we are told, "into a sublime cult, a *unio mystica* of all the discrete members of the *universitas litterarum*." Like eighteenth-century music, it is a subtle combination of fancy and suggestion with strict formal control. But it is not merely the cultural institution of the game which is an extension of the spirit of this music. The Castalian order and its way of life represent the transference of the values of this music into daily living and social and political intercourse. The Castalian historian of the *Glasperlenspiel* writes: "We believe that in what we today call classical music we have understood and taken over as model the secret, the spirit and the virtue and the devoutness of those generations." At the end of his résumé of the institution of the game, the historian states that it is basically a "playing of music" (*Musizieren*) in the sense of the words once spoken by the central figure in the work, Josef Knecht, on classical music, its meaning and its connection with life, its moral basis:

> We consider classical music the essence and epitome of our culture, because it is its most meaningful and most characteristic expression and gesture. We possess in this music the legacy of the ancient world and of Christendom, a spirit of cheerful and courageous devotion, an unexcelled code of chivalrous conduct. For in the last resort every classical gesture of a civilization signifies a moral code, a model of human conduct contracted into a gesture. Between 1500 and 1800 many kinds of music have been composed, styles and means of expression were most diverse, but the spirit, rather the morality, is everywhere the same. The human attitude expressed in classical music is always the same; it is always based on the same kind of supremacy over chance. The gesture of classical

music signifies:—awareness of human tragedy, acceptance of man's fate, courage, cheerful serenity [*Heiterkeit*]. Whether it be the grace of a minuet by Handel or Couperin, or sensuality sublimated into a delicate gesture as in many Italians or in Mozart, or the calm composed readiness for death as in Bach, there is always in it a challenge, a deathless courage, a breath of chivalry and an echo of superhuman laughter, of immortal *Heiterkeit*. Thus it shall ring out in our "glass-bead games" and in our whole life, work and suffering.[9]

Thus far the implication has been that Castalian life and classical music, its symbol and model, represent perfection in life and art. But as we read on, it becomes increasingly apparent that the world of the "Glasperlenspiel" is in fact imperfect and especially because it is deficient in vital qualities. It is important to recognize in this connection the non-Utopian, realistic aspects of Hesse's work. Hesse himself has denounced the preoccupation with its chiliastic qualities and has insisted that Castalia and the "Glasperlenspiel" are symbols for what is here and now, always has been, and always will be: namely the community of art and intellect and its subject-matter, human culture, the eternal *Geist*.[10]

Josef Knecht becomes increasingly aware of the defects and the dangers threatening Castalia. They result from a spreading hybris among the human beings who comprise the Castalian world: the assumption their world is static, perfect, complete, in a state of *Sein*. But the human vessels and institutions serving *Geist* are themselves inevitably involved in the historical process, in *Werden*. This process can only be retrograde when men and institutions are morally unprepared to face the repeated challenge.

What is it that brings Knecht to this insight? It is music again. This perception arises first from that quality of music described above, its constant struggle, its awareness of the abyss and of human tragedy: "Wachsein am Rande des Abgrundes," "Wissen um das Chaos," "Trotzdem." A prime quality in music is its constant battle with the material forces of dissolution, chaos, and anarchy, the necessity of subjecting this matter to form.

There is, however, another quality of music which is even more enlightening to Knecht, for music is itself change, process, "becoming," the very opposite of *Sein*. It fills space and time to which it gives form and meaning, but without ever lingering. It must constantly surge forward bringing light to darkness, meaning to senseless matter. This musical analogy, Knecht later realizes, lay subconsciously behind his composition *Transzendieren* which he later modestly re-

[9] I, 65–6.
[10] *Briefe*, 226, 227, 230, 232.

christened *Stufen*. In the later crises of his life Knecht recalls this poem and especially these lines:

> Wir sollen heiter Raum um Raum durchschreiten,
> An keinem wie an einer Heimat hängen,
> Der Weltgeist will nicht fesseln uns und engen,
> Er will uns Stuf' um Stufe heben, weiten.[11]

This moral lesson from music, the necessity of change and rebirth, the transience of the material things of life, of man and his institutions, is reinforced by another aspect of music: its embodiment of *Geist* which is eternal and finds its expression in all human beings and their achievements. Another of Knecht's poems closes with these lines:

> Denn auch in uns lebt Geist vom ewigen Geist,
> Der aller Zeiten Geister Brüder heisst:
> Er überlebt das Heut, nicht Du und Ich.[12]

Early in his life Knecht had been awakened to the presence of *Geist*, when as a boy he heard the old *Musikmeister* improvise a fugue for him. As he had listened to the message of *Geist*, he had resolved to dedicate his life to its service: ". . . it seemed to him as if he were today hearing music for the first time. Behind the musical edifice that arose before him he felt the spirit [*Geist*], the beneficent harmony of law and liberty, of serving and swaying; he surrendered and dedicated himself to this spirit and this master." Music suggests the brotherhood of man through the potential share of each human soul in universal and eternal *Geist* and it suggests that the individual's dedication to the service of *Geist* can be, and should be, also to the service of his fellow-man. When Knecht faces the final crisis of his life—the apparent conflict between his duty to the rarefied form of *Geist* cultivated by the Castalians on the one side and his duty to mankind on the other—he has a long conversation with his friend from the outside world, Dessignori. He tells Dessignori that the genuine "Glasperlenspieler" (i.e., artist or intellectual) "should above all possess the *Heiterkeit* of music, which is after all nothing else but courage, a serene, smiling striding and dancing onward right through the horrors and flames of the world, a solemn and festive

[11]The writer freely but imperfectly renders the German verses:

> Serene and full of cheer we spur the chase
> And ever onwards stride through time and space
> And nowhere cling as to a home of yesteryear.
> The *Weltgeist* will us not restrain and tie:
> His purpose is to raise and magnify
> Us stage by stage beyond the hemisphere.

[12]For in us too lives spirit of the eternal spirit that is kin with the spirits of all ages: It is this spirit that survives the transitory moment, not you and I.

offering of a sacrifice." To emphasize the moral lesson in this musical analogy, Knecht sits down and plays for his friend a movement from the Purcell sonata that had been a favourite of Pater Jacobus (in whom we recognize the Swiss philosopher and historian Jakob Burckhardt):

> Like drops of golden light the sounds descended in the stillness, so softly that between them could still be heard the song of the old spring murmuring in the court-yard. Gently and insistently, temperately and sweetly the voices of the gracious music met and entwined with one another; bravely and serenely they paced out their intimate dance through the nothingness of time and transitoriness and made the space and the nocturnal hour wide and infinite as the universe for the short spell of their duration.

Like Purcell's music, Josef Knecht strides on, brave and serene, into the world of chaos and transience, and in thus dedicating himself to the dual service of eternal *Geist* and ever changing man, his life is not in vain. As he succumbs in the icy water of the mountain lake, his message, the message of *Geist* itself and of service to humanity, takes hold and glows never to be extinguished in the heart and mind of his pupil Tito. Just as the notes of Purcell's music filled the stillness "like drops of golden light" and danced their way brave and serene through the emptiness of transient time, so young Tito catches the glow of *Geist* in his master Knecht and dances in the golden light of the sun rising over the mountain rim. This, we are told, was not a dance familiar to him, nor was it invented by him as a rite to celebrate the sunrise, and only later was he to realize that his dance and his trance-like enthusiasm had been occasioned not merely by the mountain air, the sun, and the early morning feeling of freedom, but even more by the transformation and impending development in his young life heralded by the impact of the friendly but venerable figure of the former Magister Ludi, Josef Knecht. Thus it is implied that the *Geist* which is manifest in music and which is epitomized in the Purcell sonata is carried over into life, into Knecht's life of serenity and service, and after him in the life of young Tito.

Music is the key to the role of Knecht and of his pupil Tito in the interpenetration of life and intellect, *Leben* and *Geist*. The normative moral character of music is brought out most clearly in the life and death of the old *Musikmeister* who is the guiding spirit in Knecht's life. While still alive the *Musikmeister* is transfigured and translated into virtual sainthood. This almost mystical symbolism denotes the ethical import of music in the life of one wholeheartedly dedicated to its service:

It was a life of devotion and labour, but free from compulsion and free from ambition and full of music. And it seemed as if, by becoming a musician and *Musikmeister*, he had chosen music as one of the ways to the highest goal of mankind, to inner freedom, to purity, to perfection, and as if, since choosing this path, he had done nothing but let himself become more and more penetrated, transfigured and purified by music, from the clever, skilled harpsichordist's hands and teeming, titanic musician's memory into all parts of his body and soul, even to his pulse and breathing, even in his sleeping and dreaming, and that now he was a virtual symbol, or rather an embodiment, a personification of music.

Hesse's music, "genuine" music, has then a pre-eminently moral character. It has a rational basis and it is formative and ordering in life. It is both symbolic of the meaning and purpose of human life and of man's relationship to the things of the spirit and at the same time it is a concrete guide to moral action and the virtuous life. The life of the old *Musikmeister* is one of devotion and service to music and through music he serves the highest aims of mind and spirit and at the same time exemplifies the highest virtues in life. His life under the aegis of music is a constant progression on the path to sainthood.

IV

We have earlier glimpsed some of the similarities in the attitudes of Hesse and of Thomas Mann to music. Both, we saw, are aware of the dark, demonic forces of chaos and anarchy that underlie music and both have a somewhat similar view of the historical development of Western music. But a sharp divergence is evident in their views of Beethoven and the subsequent course followed by nineteenth-century composers. This difference rests on the fact that Mann accepts these modern developments and the greater dangers of the demonic element entailed in them, while Hesse rejects all this later music on the ground of its demonic and amoral character, its increasing surrender to the anarchic forces of chaos, and its abandonment of its high ethical mission. Mann, on the whole, is unconcerned with the moral nexus of music. He implies that the highest aesthetic attainment in music must, especially today, involve moral compromise of the most dubious sort. Hesse believes the highest art is intimately bound up with the highest virtue. On this question he is again a disciple of the eighteenth century and in virtual agreement with such philosophers as Shaftesbury and Schiller who envision moral good and aesthetic beauty as forming a sort of *unio mystica* at the core of human culture. It may be that Mann, with his exploration of the

dark demonic world, is more modern, more interesting, more subtle, more bold psychologically. It is true we need to know the dark places of the subconscious in order to be in a better position to cope with them. Thomas Mann serves us well here. But if we are looking for a normative influence and a healthier one to serve us in life and in art, we would do well to pause and listen to Hermann Hesse. Despite pessimism where the immediate future developments of society are concerned, Hesse is suffused with a fundamental optimism based on the undying potentialities in every human individual. The difference between Mann and Hesse is well exemplified in the equally significant and symbolic roles of the devil in *Dr. Faustus*[13] and the beatified *Musikmeister* in *Das Glasperlenspiel*. Each has a corresponding function in the life of the hero. Adrian Leverkühn's demonic mentor leads him away from virtue and humanism towards the ultimate in modern musical creation. Josef Knecht's mentor starts him on the path that is one of service to the highest ideals in music and in life. Adrian's mentor remains in his infernal element to which he drags down his victim. Knecht's mentor reaches a virtual apotheosis of sainthood to which he is drawing his disciple. The one ends in hell while the other is headed for heaven, a goal which may be unattainable for finite mortals but which is nevertheless worth striving for.

[13]Whether Mann's devil be accorded any degree of fictional reality or be regarded purely as a figment of Adrian's imagination, an emanation of his subconscious, matters little for the purpose of our comparison of his symbolical role with that of the saintly *Musikmeister* in Hesse's work.

FEATHERPATE OF FOLLY

G. C. Haddow

. . . You ask me who
Have written just as I'd have liked to do.
I stop to listen and the names I hear
Are those of Firbank, Potter, Carroll, Lear.

W. H. Auden, "Letter to Lord Byron"

IN one respect at least the novels of Ronald Firbank resemble *Paradise Lost*. They are likely to be appreciated only by a small, select audience; though had Firbank wished to call upon some heavenly power to find him such an audience, he would probably have invoked not Urania but one of the many saints of his own invention, St. Automona di Meris or the Blessed St. Elizabeth Bathilde "who, by dint of skipping, changed her sex at the age of forty and became a man." It would be idle, however, to maintain that Milton and Firbank have much else in common. Milton writes of Good and Evil and holds strong opinions about them. Firbank is unaware of their existence. There is plenty of naughtiness in his stories, "making light of sacred things" and bawdy innuendo, but moral judgment and righteous indignation are conspicuously absent. One would no more think of looking for a serious purpose in *Valmouth* than in *Peter Rabbit*. When W. H. Auden said that the authors whom he would most have wished to write like were Firbank, Potter, Carroll, Lear, he put Firbank in the right company as an inspired writer of nonsense. Milton, of course, occasionally deviates into nonsense, especially in dealing with angels; but Firbank never deviates into sense, and rarely into dulness.

The son of a wealthy Member of Parliament and the grandson of a large railway contractor who had begun his career in the mining pits of Durham, Arthur Annesley Ronald Firbank was born in London in 1886. He was a delicate child and seems to have been pampered and indulged by his parents, especially by his mother to whom he was devoted and to whom he retained a lifelong attachment of such a nature as to preclude normal emotional and sexual development. At fourteen he was sent to Uppingham, but he was withdrawn from the school at the end of his second term, fortunately in time to escape having the nonsense knocked out of him. After several years of private tuition, during which he paid extended visits to France and Spain, he went up to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he entertained his friends lavishly and was converted to Catholicism. He did no work and sat for no examinations. When he left Cambridge, he

lived for awhile with his mother in London, his father having died the previous year. As a fashionable young man about town he attended the theatres and the Russian ballet, which he adored, became a well-known figure at the Café Royal, and collected rare editions of Wilde and Beardsley. Never robust in health, he made long sojourns in Mediterranean climates, Italy, Spain, North Africa, and the Near East, from which he would return to London for the season, announcing his arrival in the social columns of the *Morning Post*. The outbreak of war in 1914 put an end to his travels and, indeed, to the only kind of life that he had ever known or could cope with. A year later he had settled in Oxford and become a recluse. Deprived of his outside interests and thrown in upon himself, Firbank now began seriously to cultivate his talent as a writer. When immediately after the war he returned to London and society, he had produced four slender volumes and gained a modest, limited celebrity. He resumed his old habits, wrote a play which was never performed, lived for some time at Versailles, and made a voyage to the West Indies. During his last years, which were saddened by the death of his mother and shadowed by ill health, he lived mostly in Italy. He wrote three more novels, the last appearing posthumously, before his death at Rome in his fortieth year.

An absurd, lonely, rather pathetic figure, Firbank never learned to take anything seriously except his love for his mother and his art. Apparently he ceased to be a practising Catholic and found in the Church only another source of amusement. He was fascinated by smart society and appreciated equally its brilliance and its silliness; but he was abnormally shy, and though he had a circle of acquaintances who were fond of him, he made no intimate friends. According to Sir Osbert Sitwell, one of the first to discover and appreciate his genius, he could be extremely amusing for about ten minutes, after which conversation became difficult. A legend even in his lifetime, he existed, according to report, on caviare, peaches, and champagne, varying this diet occasionally to dine on a single green pea, and he read only those books which satisfied his exacting taste by the beauty of their binding and typography. Actually he read rather widely in dilettante fashion. Restoration plays, eighteenth-century memoirs, Gautier, Huysmans, the French symbolists, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, and of course Wilde and Beardsley—these are some of his more obvious literary "influences." Illustrated weeklies such as *The Tatler* he found endlessly entertaining. He said that they furnished him with suggestions for his novels, as they probably did.

Firbank made his début as an author, in the year before he went to Cambridge, with a small volume containing two stories, *Odette d'Antrevernes* and *A Study in Temperament*. The former is a sickly

fairy tale derived from Maeterlinck and Francis Jammes, the latter an equally feeble attempt to emulate Wilde. In *The Artificial Princess*, written a few years later, Firbank's distinctive manner and his peculiar brand of humour make their first appearance. It is a slight, tentative piece of work, however, with which Firbank was evidently dissatisfied. Laid aside and forgotten, it remained unpublished until eight years after his death. With *Vainglory*, published in 1915, he hit the mark, and *Inclinations, Caprice*, and *Valmouth* followed at intervals of about a year. Then came Firbank's only experiment in dramatic form, a comedy called *The Princess Zoubaroff*. It was unsuccessful, as was also his next work *Santal*, a semi-serious story with a North African setting. Between 1922 and 1926, the year of his death, he wrote *The Flower beneath the Foot*, in which some features of *The Artificial Princess* are reworked to advantage, *Prancing Nigger*, and *The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli*. All his best writing has recently been reprinted in two volumes.[1]

It is difficult to describe the general nature of Firbank's novels. Insubstantial, impressionistic, concerned almost exclusively with the decorative and the amusing, they fit into none of the familiar categories of fiction. They are all short; and nobody, I fancy, ever wished them longer, for the diversion which they afford arises from their very triviality and inconsequence. A little Firbank now and then is a delectable relish, but a little goes a long way. While it would be unfair to say that his stories progress nowhere and produce nothing, it is true enough that only *Prancing Nigger* and, to a less degree, *Caprice* have a definite line of development which is not half buried beneath a tangle of side issues or deflected from its course by the cross-currents of dialogue. Conversation provides the staple of these novelettes, exchange of talk half heard and half overheard, gossip, fashionable chatter often pointless and disconnected. Characters are sometimes introduced by a vignette. Here is Miss Compostella in *Vainglory*: "A lady whose face looked worn and withered through love, wearing a black gauze gown looped like a figure from the Primavera, made her way mistily into the room." And one does not have to be an addict of Firbank to appreciate the following, from the same book: "Lady Barrow lolled languidly in her mouse-eaten library, a volume of mediaeval Tortures (with plates) propped up against her knee. In fancy her husband was well pinned down and imploring for mercy at Figure 3." For the most part, however, Firbank's people reveal themselves through what they say. We make startling inferences but never get below the surface. How could we? There is nothing below the surface. These people have outline but no depth. They

[1] *Five Novels*, with an introduction by Osbert Sitwell (London: Duckworth, 1949); *Three Novels*, with an introduction by Ernest Jones (London: Duckworth, 1951).

are as flat as figures in a comic strip, and they inhabit a world of flowers, furbelows, and furnishings, of nuances and insinuations, where neither the more solid material realities nor spiritual values have any place.

Admirers of Firbank disagree as to which novel is his masterpiece. *Vainglory* I find too long and rather confused; it contains some of his best work and some of his poorest. *Inclinations* is relatively flat and even silly. *Caprice* and *Valmouth*, in their different ways, are both highly comic. *Prancing Nigger* perhaps comes closest to technical perfection, but it is not wholly characteristic. *Cardinal Pirelli* is explicitly and defiantly indecent. Brilliantly written and in parts outrageously funny, it nevertheless repels by suggesting a kind of corrupt infantilism. This leaves *The Flower beneath the Foot*, which seems to me, while unequal, to display Firbank's genius most completely.

The scene of *The Flower beneath the Foot* is the mythical kingdom of Pisuerga. Laura de Nazianzi, a young lady-in-waiting at the Court, is in love with the heir to the throne, His Weariness Prince Yousef, and believes herself to be loved in return. She is disillusioned, however, when she learns that she is not the first in the Prince's life, and "that most of the Queen's maids, indeed, had had experiences identical with her own." A marriage is arranged between the Prince and Princess Elsie, daughter of King Geo and Queen Glory of England. Though Yousef has strong personal objections to marrying Elsie, he yields to his parents' wishes. Laura retires to a convent, from the roof of which she watches the wedding procession:

> A shaking of countless handkerchiefs in wild ovation; from roof-tops and balconies the air was thick with falling flowers—the bridal pair!
> But only for the bridegroom had she eyes.
> Oblivious of what she did, she began to beat her hands, until they streamed with blood, against the broken glass ends upon the wall: "Yousef, Yousef, Yousef". . . .

This brief summary sounds like tragedy rather than comedy because it leaves out three quarters of the book. Yousef and Laura appear but intermittently; neither is alive as a person. The pathos of the closing scene is lyrical rather than dramatic. As Jocelyn Brooke says in his modest but admirable little monograph,[2] in Laura we see an aspect of Firbank himself, "the timorous, immature young man beneath the cynic pose, perpetually frustrated, the victim of a love which can never be requited." There is a vein of poetic melancholy in *The Flower*, but it serves only as a contrasting figure in the generally comic design. Most of the novel is concerned with the pre-

[2]Jocelyn Brooke, *Ronald Firbank* (London: Arthur Barker, 1951).

posterous goings-on at the Court, the archaeological expedition (sponsored by Her Dreaminess the Queen) to excavate the ruins of Chedorlahamor, "a *faubourg* of Sodom," the fête in honour of King Jotifa and Queen Thleeanhouee of the Land of Dates, the amours and intrigues of half a dozen assorted duchesses and countesses. We have glimpses of eccentric diplomats in the British embassy and of gossiping ladies in the English colony, and we follow the affair of fleas at the Ritz. When King William remarks in conversation, "I could not be more astonished if you told me there were fleas at the Ritz," Lady Something, the wife of the British Ambassador, happens to overhear the last four words. Nothing more is made of this until we learn that nobody is staying at the Ritz and, later, that Lady Something is being sued for slander and a young barrister is preparing the defence. "I'm glad the proceedings fall in winter," reflects the Ambassadress, "as I always look well in furs."

Prancing Nigger has several claims to notice. Published originally in New York, it appeared the next year in England under the title *Sorrow in Sunlight*. Unlike Firbank's other books it had a considerable popularity and ran through several editions in which the American title was substituted. The reason for the popularity of *Prancing Nigger* is not far to seek. It is Firbank's most conventional novel, the simplest in design and the easiest to read. The story has its setting in a Caribbean island, suggested by Haiti, and relates the adventures of a negro family, Mr. and Mrs. Ahmadou Mouth and three children in their teens, two daughters and a son. Mr. Mouth, whom his wife most unsuitably calls "prancing nigger," for he has long ago ceased to prance, is a gentle, melancholy creature who finds his chief solace in singing gospel hyms:

> I t'ink when I read dat sweet story ob old,
> When Jesus was here among men,
> How he called lil chillens as lambs to His Fold,
> I should like to hab been wid dem den.

Against his better judgment Mr. Mouth gives in to his wife's desire to leave their fishing village and take up residence in the capital, Cuna-Cuna. To him Cuna-Cuna is a modern Sodom; to her, a place where she can educate her daughters and have a villa with a watercloset. Mrs. Mouth complains that her husband is always thinking of his soul instead of his obligations to his family. The parents and the two girls migrate to the city by caravan, while the boy Charlie, a symbol of his creator, crosses the savannah on foot for the purpose of collecting butterflies:

> "Have you nothing, young man, to declare?"
> ". . . Butterflies!"
> "Exempt of duty. Pass!"

The Mouths get their villa, with a defective watercloset, and go into society; but Mr. Mouth longs to return to the country, and Miami, the elder daughter, remains faithful to her fisherman lover, Bamboo. The younger daughter, Edna, becomes the mistress of an enterprising young man who at the age of five had assaulted his nurse and who is now a musician, the talented and popular composer of *Three Hodeidahs* and *Five Phallic Dances for Pianoforte and Orchestra*, otherwise known as "Suite in Green." Young Charlie, dazzled by the bright lights, frequents cinemas, bars, and dance halls. Then comes an earthquake. Miami learns that Bamboo has been devoured by sharks, and in her grief she contemplates entering a sisterhood; Charlie confesses that he is a "mizzable sinneh' and shows signs of mending his ways, at least temporarily. But Edna, "for indeed already the world was perceptibly moulding her," continues to live with her protector. Her mother expresses the hope, while Mr. Mouth shakes his head mournfully, that some day Edna will have a grand wedding with twelve bridesmaids and a star from the opera singing "De voice dat brieved o'er Eden." Firbank's negroes, though rather stagy, are drawn more sympathetically and with less distortion than his white characters. While *Prancing Nigger* is far from realism, it is the most human of his novels.

Firbank was a dandy who had the saving grace of being able to laugh at himself. He loved beautiful things and decorative people, and he lived for amusement as though all the year were playing holidays. With the eyes and ears of a gossip columnist, a feminine delight in the chic and modish, a temperament incurably frivolous, and a sublime sense of the ridiculous, he saw life neither steadily nor whole but in glittering bits and pieces. In the vast zoological garden of authors he is a butterfly or, less charitably, a "bug with gilded wings." As Arthur Waley says, "He seems as though endowed with a kind of inverted x-ray, which enabled him not to penetrate the unseen but, on the contrary, continually to hover, as it were, an inch or two above the surface of things."[3] His humour, which depends so much on inconsequence and oblique suggestion and to some extent on impropriety, is not to everyone's taste. Queen Victoria would certainly not have been amused. Yet Firbank has his niche in the permanent gallery of English comic writers. Already something of a cult—there are Firbankers as well as Janeites—he will continue to gain admirers fit though few.

[3]Introduction to *The Collected Works of Ronald Firbank* (London: Duckworth, 1929).

WILLA CATHER AND HER WORK[1]

PHILIP CHILD

The late E. K. Brown did not live to see the publication of his critical biography of Willa Cather. All but two of the chapters were, however, written by him, and full notes and book markings for the unfinished chapters enabled Mr. Leon Edel to complete the book. The author's Introduction, broken off in the middle by the aposiopesis of death, has been carried on by Mr. Edel in a Foreword with which he combines a moving and fitting memorial to the author. We owe gratitude and admiration for Mr. Edel's generous and skilful immersion, in the body of the book, of his own style in the style and purpose of the author.

This is a book which E. K. Brown was singularly fitted to write. He had made Willa Cather the subject of published critical essays, and his Alexander Lectures, *Rhythm in the Novel*, concerned as they were with the subtleties of structure, word texture, and symbols, and referring richly to her artistry as one of his examples, were in a real sense a preparation for this book. So too was his patient research into his subject's moods and phases of artistic growth, and into her impressions of the many real people and places which were to be the prototypes of fictional characters or the sources of mood backgrounds to her novels. He went to see for himself those places which had been her inspiration, soaking himself in their atmosphere, and he succeeded marvellously by a feat of the creative imagination in seeing them through the eyes of the child she had been, and then the girl, and then the woman. Best of all there is a clear affinity of spirit between E. K. Brown, the humanistic critic who admired the values of Arnold, and the novelist who in a world increasingly strident and sensational devoted her "cadence and tone of voice" to the "vision of essences," who in her best books preferred to underwrite rather than to overwrite and who learned to use the telling power of skilfully constructed symbols, rather than the massive material documentation of the realists, who revolted against a present engaged in cutting itself off from its roots in the past and whirling the untethered heart and undedicated spirit in its passing gusts of

[1] *Willa Cather: A Critical Biography*. By E. K. BROWN. Completed by LEON EDEL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf [Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited]. 1953. Pp. xxvi, 352, viii. $4.00.

Willa Cather: A Memoir. By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT. Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Company [Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co.]. 1953. Pp. 288. $4.00.

doctrine and ideology, and who (to use Mr. Edel's phrase about Brown himself) wrote with craft and subtlety and urbanity.

In writing what is subtitled *A Critical Biography* the author adopted the principle "that the person was to be studied not for herself but for the light her life and character might cast upon her art." But to say that the biographical treatment is in support of a critical purpose is also to imply that in the case of a writer like Willa Cather, whose writing issues from the core of her character and experience, nothing less than a large-scale study of her as a person will provide the means to the desired end. For, as the author rightly emphasizes, Willa Cather became the kind of artist to whom the past, particularly her own past, provided both the spur to her creative effort and also much of her material: recollection of moods, people and places long brooded over, and of her own life experiences. These, subjected to her special sensibility and maturing character, and undergoing creative sea-change in the memory, provided her with themes, characters, scenes, episodes, and atmospheric background. Not only must the critical biographer show how this or that person, event, or place, emotionally apprehended at one time in her life, found its way into the theme and structure of a story or novel perhaps long afterwards, but he must also show how the phases and moods, the failures and successes, the rebellions and struggles and developing insight into the nature of her own experience, gave her her best themes and tempered her art. He must show in terms of Willa Cather's nature and sensibility how "the withdrawal" from Nebraska was as necessary to her developing aims as was her "return" to it later, in memory. He will make us see, for instance, how Thea Kronborg, the heroine of *The Song of the Lark*, is drawn partly from a remembered prototype in real life, Olive Fremstad, and how she is in part Willa Cather herself, who escaped from commonness and a materialistic environment and conquered as an artist with "the loyalty of young hearts to some exalted ideal, and the passion with which they strive." Or he will show how the theme of inner conflict in *The Professor's House* answers to a conflict in Willa Cather's own mind, and how, in another novel, the very absence of inner conflict in Archbishop Latour testifies to "an intense if somewhat sad pleasure in contemplating a life (unlike her own) that was not torn but a seamless unity."

In both his connected aims the critical biographer succeeds: the portrait of a woman as creative artist is a living portrait, and to see it is to understand and enjoy more richly her living novels and stories. "If we retain the image of the Rock and Willa Cather's

devotion to the unalterable, we must recognize that her great gift was her capacity to observe and record the shadows on her own spiritual rock and endow it with light and color and a play of feeling." But what is the nature of this richer understanding and enjoyment? Is it an added something from outside the covers of a book which alters the self-defined truth of that book? In a sense, it is. There is a school of criticism which deprecates the bringing of biographical material to bear on the interpretation of a masterpiece, holding that the work of art should be regarded as living solely in its own created, self-sufficient entity, and that to throw biographical light on its genesis is to add connotations extraneous to the deliberately detached, imagined world of the masterpiece. "No biographical evidence," it has been asserted, "can change or influence critical evaluation," and "it seems dangerous to ascribe to it any real critical importance."[2] If we knew less of Dante's life, would our aesthetic appreciation of the *Divina Commedia* be richer or poorer, more true to the poem in itself, or less so? At any rate, it would be different. But, in truth, a work of art never can be completely detached and self-sufficient except perhaps in the case of the old ballads, and the greater and the more famous its author, the more his ghost will hover over the printed words to arouse our wonder and curiosity and by its presence contribute something to the artistic effect. If a book is of sufficient stature to win a place for itself in a cultural tradition, its significance will change subtly for each generation, and biographical facts from outside its framework will both alter and enrich its import. If, for instance, we knew nothing at all about the author of *The Tempest*—not even his name—the character of Prospero would lose something of the particular significance and depth of symbolism it has for our generation.

The author's method in this book is chronological. Each chapter treats a period of Willa Cather's life and the writings of that period emerge against the period's biographical background, to which they are related. But these chapters are not water-tight compartments. Biographical material in one chapter will anticipate and prepare for some critical *aperçu* in a later chapter, and the later chapter, building on earlier foundations, will reveal changes in point of view, new insights into remembered prototypes, fresh treatments of characters drawn from the same prototype; in short, there is an admirable correspondence between the parts of the book. The accumulation of biographical matter is of sufficient density, but it is carefully selected for its relevance to the artist's stage of development at the respective

[2]René Wellek and Austin Warren, *Theory of Literature* (New York, 1949), 74.

period of her life. Willa Cather came to believe in the *novel demeublé*, the novel stripped of its superfluous furnishings so that the essential subject, a state of mind or feeling, is revealed with greater directness and power to the reader's mind. Brown's affinity to his subject is revealed by a comparable attempt in his biographical treatment to select and emphasize as far as possible those biographical facts which will have almost the significance of symbols in disclosing the phases of her development as an artist.

The combined biographical and critical treatment reveals the changes and the permanences in Willa Cather's attitude towards the world and in her artistic aims, it presents a clear impression of her view of the artist's function, and it gives us a fascinating insight into the creative processes of one individual artist. The attitude towards the world is inevitably conditioned by her view of the artist's function. She believed that an artist should be, in one way, aloof from life—and she had to struggle, like Thea Kronborg, for the freedom to detach herself sufficiently from the economic and material compulsions of society. But this aloofness was not that of the author "refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails." The disengagement from life is material; spiritually the artist is passionately engaged in the human fortunes of his characters—though the passion, the engagement is subjected to the disciplines and the proper psychical distancing of art.

One of Brown's achievements is to suggest in his portrait of the artist that the artist is a woman, and in the finest sense of the phrase, writes with a woman's sensibility, giving an interpretation of life that only a woman with high talents could give. There was once a time when the phrase "writing like a woman" meant writing from a somewhat narrowed, or a conventional, or a sentimental point of view and treating inadequately the dark side of life. Since the Brontës and George Eliot, women have not had to leave guilt and misery and the tears of things for other pens. In Willa Cather's novels evil is presented as a part of the inevitable pattern of life. Though she is no naturalist, though she does not choose to bring close to the eye in red splashes the violence and horror present in life, aesthetically numbing as they are when seen simply for themselves, that does not mean that those things are not there in her books, seen in proportion and suitably "distanced" so that they can make their proper mark in the total significance of a novel.

The critical biographer shows how the increasing violence of the modern world made its inevitable impact both on the objective

artist and on the sensitive and sympathetic woman ("The world broke in two in 1922 or thereabouts"), how it affected and deepened Willa Cather's themes and her way of treating them; and he shows how it brought her to a kind of dedication of herself, religious in its essence, though without making her into a propagandist or special pleader, and without causing her to lose that nerve for living—to lose which means for the artist apathy and the drying up of the creative powers. She thought, Brown writes, that "imaginative understanding of the artistic process should bring . . . a deep compassion for what the personality of the artist undergoes." But that is a sympathy that the world rarely gives to an artist before he is famous—and dead. To hope to receive it would seem to the world to be indecorous and would be to magnify the artist's unlikeness to the general run of people. Willa Cather had her dignity and decorum, and not more egotism than is necessary and fitting in an artist. She did not ask for any special consideration for herself. But in her life, Brown makes brilliantly clear the nature of the artist's struggle to find herself in the materialism of the modern world. The sensitive sympathy and understanding of an artist were hers together with high talents, but she needed as well a toughness and hardness of purpose—and she had it.

*

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's *Willa Cather: A Memoir* is in its different way a very good book, showing insight into Willa Cather's personality, and vividly written. It is a personal memoir, and where Brown, who never met Willa Cather, desires to see his subject primarily as the developing artist, distanced a little from the flesh and blood person, Miss Sergeant's purpose is to bring us *vis à vis* with the living human being whose passing struggles and even inconsistencies and dubieties are the human stuff from which the consistent artist was wrought out. Her memoir does not exclude excellent criticism, but unlike Brown's purpose, hers is primarily biographical. Her Willa Cather is more intimately seen and we get a warmer portrait. It is most interesting to compare the two treatments of the period of editorship of *McClure's Magazine*, the time when Miss Sergeant, a young writer, first met and formed a friendship with her. Both biographers have been handicapped by the novelist's decision, stated in her will, that none of her letters should be published, but Miss Sergeant has much to contribute of her own conversations with Willa Cather about her art; we learn, for instance, that *The Professor's House* was based on the musical form of the sonata.

No one could fail to be grateful to the author for such vivid recollections as the following (one of many in her book):

> I learned that after a few months in the city, she got wildly homesick for the west. She would dash out to see her "family" . . . and the wheat harvest, and then flee back to Pittsburgh . . . — for fear of dying in a cornfield.
>
> Die in a cornfield? I was puzzled.
>
> You could not understand. You have not seen those miles of fields. There is no place to hide in Nebraska. You can't hide under a windmill.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ALCHEMY* — PETER F. FISHER

The problem of psychology is the discovery of an original human norm for the purpose of determining the constituents of human experience and the field of possible development. This problem may be treated as one of inference by empirical discovery or of recognition by some pattern of accepted revelation. It is the merit of Jung that he has seen the complete interdependence of these two apparently distinct and different viewpoints, for the empiricist's findings are inescapably conditioned by his presuppositions, and the dogmatist's revelations are ultimately reduced to his experience. By discrediting rational psychology, Kant loosened the intellect's hold on the nature of the psyche, so that modern man searches for he knows not what, and finds what he is looking for. To restore order in the midst of this chaos, Freud introduced the pleasure principle in the form of the progressive sublimation and orientation of infantile sexuality, while Adler interpreted the initial impulse as an aggressive desire to master the environment. Both Freud and Adler emphasized the moulding of an original datum through a process of retrospective inference and empirical adjustment. Jung, on the other hand, enriched the method of investigation by an examination of traditionally accepted revelations as distinctively new data, and not merely symptoms of aberrations, in the interpretation of psychic experience. Freud and Adler grasped the nature of birth, but Jung made himself aware—for it must have been a struggle with his background—of rebirth: that is, the possibility of a new integration arising in opposition to the primary, natal experience, and yet growing out of it.

In his *Psychology and Alchemy*, Jung has rewritten his earlier work, *The Integration of the Personality*, in an effort to explore in a

**Psychology and Alchemy*. By C. G. JUNG. Translated by R. F. C. HULL. Bollingen Series XX. New York: Pantheon Books. 1953. Pp. xxiv, 563, 270 illustrations. $5.00.

clinical and empirical manner the universal basis of a process which has been represented as the adventure of the hero, the regeneration of the devotee, and finally, as the discovery of the so-called "philosopher's stone." The first of these analogues of what he calls the process of individuation emphasizes the human nature of the process, the second, its apparently transcendental derivation, and the third, its formulation as a concrete attainment. Mythology, religion, and alchemy unite to form a repository of symbolic data for the interpretation of dream symbols which penetrate beyond the immediate background of the Freudian subconscious. Jung has called the source of this repository the unconscious, and in his introduction to the religious and psychological problems of alchemy, he lays stress on the distinctively psychic origin of religious phenomena. The tendency for the non-religious to accept, and for the religious to reject this statement as meaning that religion is "nothing but" psychology is the measure of Western man's habit of devaluating his own psychic experience by projecting it into objects. He thereby loses his soul to the world of particulars or subjects it to a universal deity. Jung finds in the alchemical tradition a curious commentary on this habit and the description of a method of integrating the projected contents of the psyche in the ostensible search for the *lapis philosophorum*.

The history of alchemy discloses an uneasy union of Hermetic philosophy and chemical experiment, but the dream symbolism of certain patients is used by Jung to demonstrate a relation between the symbols of the alchemists and those of the self or the integrated goal of the process of individuation. This goal is represented as the result of an innate psychic disposition which finds its empirical expression in the dream symbol of the quaternity of which variations are to be found in mythological, religious, and alchemical representations. Individuation or crystallization is the telestic end of the great work, whereas dispersal of the psychic contents by persistent projection is failure. Inner unity is required for the success of the outer discovery. "Out of other things thou wilt never make the One, until thou hast first become One thyself" (p. 243). The outer process of discovery is made the analogue of the inner process of attainment, and the "experiments" of the alchemist are intrinsically interpreted as ceremonial rites which symbolize and contain the stages of his own development. Jung wonders whether the real nature of the work dawned upon the alchemical writers, but this studied genuflexion to the claims of empirical science is strangely out of harmony with his evident conviction that the best of them are a source of instruction

for the investigator who has not tacitly assumed that the verbal analogies of modern psychology are somehow truer than others used at other times and in other places. Indeed alchemy held within it both the supernatural curiosity and the scientific dream of power which developed in the shadow of the medieval cathedral. It stood over against the conception of the Church as the supreme artifact of the psychic entity, for the Church worked under God to discover nature, whereas the individual alchemist worked under nature to discover God. In a sense, he was always near the sin of Faust who mistook his inflated ego for the realization of the self. To guard against this error, the earlier alchemists emphasized the connection between religion and alchemy. The sacrifice of the mass may be interpreted as alchemical, except that the *opus* of the alchemist is seen to be in no way an act of atonement or an ethical sacrifice to avoid future retribution, but entirely a transforming and redemptive rite.

To the psychotherapist all this may seem subjective artifice designed to prolong, rather than to promote, the inquiry into the possible adjustment of the empirical ego to the requirements of an observable reality; but Jung is obviously seeking to distinguish his concept of the self from the empirical ego. The search for adjustment is based on a fixed relationship between a categorically delimited ego and a world of particulars; the search for "individuation" is declared to involve a discovery of the unconscious environment of the ego, not merely its subconscious distillate, which redefines its possibilities in terms of the Jungian unconscious matrix of symbols—the common world of psychic experience. Here lies the *prima materia* which the alchemist transforms by perfect art. This is to be considered an unusual accomplishment, and is apparently an attempt to explain the phenomenon of hero, leader, thinker, or genius as something other than neurotic individualism. However, the Faustian sin of identification, in spite of his protestations, is never far from Jung's distinction between the ego and the self, so that the attempted union of the functional components of the psychic life in the self is forestalled by the identification of the ego with separated aspects during the process of integration. The book, nevertheless, rewards the reader with a panorama of archetypes—a map of the psychic "categories"—found expressed in an extensive literature which has certainly marked an important stage in man's search for himself.

NEW LIFE FOR LOGIC*

DAVID SAVAN

By now it is no secret that Philosophy has recently been the scene of a miracle. Logic, for two millenia seemingly dead, has at the dawning of her third millenium sprung to energetic life. To be sure, now that we are looking more closely into the antecedents of this re-animation, we find that logic really wasn't dead after all. Her heart was beating all the time, but there was no one about with ears to hear. The important accomplishments of the Stoics, the medieval logicians, and of Leibniz were, until now, unappreciated and forgotten.

But what are the philosophical fruits of this new life? In this book Professor Quine, one of the outstanding younger logicians and an inspiring teacher of the subject, has collected a number of papers in which he is chiefly concerned with re-examining some traditional questions in the light of mathematical logic. The professional philosopher will find many important contributions in these pages. But also the general reader who is interested in seeing for himself some of the new ways of thinking, new techniques, new clarity and rigour combined with a new and exhilarating freedom, will do well to look through this book.

What is Quine saying? He suggests that we are now in a far better position than ever before to submit languages in general to a scientific analysis of their cognitive use. Consider how the development of mathematics has enabled us to analyse and render exact everyday remarks involving size and magnitude. Sentences like, "This is hot," "The days grow long," "It is shaped like an egg," can be translated into precise arithmetical and geometrical terms which make comparison and correlation possible. Something similar can be done by logic for the expressions of our knowledge of the world around us. It turns out that the relation between language and matters of fact is a very pliable one. Almost no words *necessarily* refer to existent entities, and almost no sentences are necessarily purely empirical or purely analytic.

As to the words of a language, Quine emphasizes and clarifies the distinction between *meaning* and *naming*. Nouns appear to name or refer to existent things. They are like directional pointers. Predicate adjectives, on the other hand, have meaning or significance. But many people have supposed that adjectives must also name objects of some sort. This line of thought has been helped, and perhaps

**From a Logical Point of View: 9 Logico-Philosophical Essays.* By WILLARD VAN ORMAN QUINE. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited]. 1953. Pp. vi, 184. $4.55.

suggested, by the ease with which language enables us to treat adjectives as nouns. Thus when we say, "The rose is red," or "Venus is beautiful," we are tempted to assert that there are universals, redness and beauty, named by the predicates in such sentences. But, Quine points out, a predicate adjective may be significant without naming anything at all. It need not even be the name of its meaning. For when we say, " 'Red' has meaning," the word "meaning" is itself a significant predicate, not a name.

What is important in this kind of analysis is not so much the argument against Platonic Realism (Quine is willing, under certain conditions, to affirm the existence of such abstract entities as classes), as the attitude toward language. First, the rules of language are regarded as one of the major sources of philosophical doctrine. And second, language is regarded as a material which may be shaped and fashioned acording to our purposes. Logic can elaborate for us a variety of alternative languages and their rules. Some of these rules will permit one or another variety of Realism, and some will make some sort of Nominalism mandatory. How do we choose among linguistic rules? Somewhat in the way that the scientist chooses among various hypotheses. Each choice is tentative, to be tested. The major test, Quine hints, is pragmatic. Does a given set of rules serve our purposes?

Let us return to the distinction between meaning and naming. Nouns appear to name existent objects. But this leads to the difficulty that such sentences as "Centaurs do not exist," "Truth is unreal," "God is non-existent," are *necessarily* false. If, in such sentences, the predicate is to be true of the subject, it would appear that the subject must name something real. For non-existence is not being ascribed to the *word* in the subject place. (The sentence " 'God' is non-existent" is patently false.) The predicate in such sentences is *ascribed to the entity named* by the subject term. Hence, some philosophers have argued, objects which obviously do not exist in space and time must nevertheless have some sort of being, as eternal objects, perhaps, or as possible or subsistent entities.

However, Quine adapts Bertrand Russell's theory of descriptions to show that not even proper names *need* to be regarded as referring to any object. Proper names have meaning or significance in addition to reference. This can be brought out if we ask how it is possible to know that Arthur Wellesley fought brilliantly in India, to know that the Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister, but to be surprised to learn that Wellington was Wellesley. Or again, how can we know that Byzantium stands at the entrance to the Bosphorus without knowing, perhaps, that this is true of Istanbul? If these names were referential

merely, then to understand both names of a pair would be to understand one and the same thing—that individual to which they refer. Clearly, names have significance or meaning, quite apart from their referential use. These two functions of proper names can be sharply and explicitly separated if we adopt the convention of translating the above examples thus: "There is some one thing such that it (or he) was Arthur Wellesley, and was the Duke of Wellington, and was Prime Minister," or, "There is some one thing such that it is Byzantium and is Istanbul and stands at the entrance of the Bosphorus." The entire referential function is collected together in the phrase "There is some one thing," and the proper names become the predicates "being Arthur Wellesley," "being Byzantium," etc. As predicates they may be regarded as having significance without reference. We can now assert that only such things exist as may be referred to by the phrase, "There is some one thing." The rest of our language does not commit us to any sort of existent entities. Apart from clearing up such ontological puzzles as were mentioned above, this linguistic device has the virtue of enabling us to see clearly just what we are asserting to exist. Once more it is important to note that language is not being used by Quine to legislate things into or out of existence. Rather, language is here a device which enables us freely to explore various hypotheses.

In a similar fashion Quine examines the claim that there are purely empirical statements whose truth depends entirely upon matters of fact, and also that there are purely analytic sentences whose truth depends entirely upon the relationship of meanings. He concludes, after a brilliant series of arguments, that, apart from purely logical truths, there are no sentences whose truth is completely unaffected by experience, nor are there any empirical sentences whose truth is completely unaffected by their place in some systematic theory. In another paper, he uses the techniques of logic to show that modal terms like "necessary" and "possible" apply to the significant but non-referential aspects of statements.

This book repays the effort which is needed to follow its argument. It is perhaps unnecessary to remind the prospective reader that Quine is concerned only with the cognitive use of language. Poetry, which some would claim to be cognitive albeit non-scientific, and also language as a means of getting things done, expressing feeling, establishing moods—these are not touched on here.

FORSTER'S INDIA*

HUGH N. MACLEAN

In 1912–13, and again in 1921, E. M. Forster visited India. Three years later, the immediate result of those experiences appeared: *A Passage to India*. After that, silence. Only "fugitive pieces" and the quickly abandoned early chapters of a novel (opening on a liner bound for India) were published before the recent *Two Cheers for Democracy*. Now he has chosen to speak again of his Indian years. The announcement of the new book suggested that Forster was at last prepared to account for the long silence, and to explain what India has meant to his own career.

But this will certainly never be. Forster withdraws continually before the brash demands of critics who want "just the facts." India, therefore, like the god in Forster's novel, "neglects to come." Nevertheless, *The Hill of Devi* has something for nearly everyone: it is an instructive *exemplum* for writers and critics, a brilliant travel-book, a biographical memoir looking back to pre-Boswellian tradition and to a world which preferred the assumptions of faith to the attractions of realistic anecdote. The book is certainly full of mischievous asides and sly glances, not always directed at the English in India. But it is essentially a tribute to the Indian whose personality and beliefs jarred Forster permanently from the rather self-conscious air of Cantabrigian amusement which seemed to be claiming him. After one had known the Maharajah of Dewas State Senior, it was evidently difficult to be quite as sure of oneself.

Forster's acquaintance with the Maharajah quickly deepened to friendship and affinity. This led, in 1921, to a term as private secretary to the Indian ruler while the incumbent took sick leave in England. The Englishman soon settled in to the usually splendid, often childish, and regularly astonishing court life in one of the smallest and most preposterous of India's princely states. He had a scrumptious time. He learned a lot, too. The early letters, for all their grasp of events and character, are very English indeed. Forster even calls up Miss Bates on one occasion to comment dryly on the outlandish scene. Later this is not so: "English manners out here have improved wonderfully in the last eight years"; and, although he adopted a bantering tone in his letters, he enjoyed "acting as priest" during the festival season, for "one hasn't to say anything, still less to feel."

It is rather daring of Forster to have provided any illustrations; but since he has chosen and arranged a curious set of photographs,

**The Hill of Devi: Being Letters from Dewas State Senior.* By E. M. FORSTER. London: Edward Arnold & Co. [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada]. 1953. Pp. ii, 176. $3.00.

a glance at them is justified, for they are a guide to the book. The frontispiece is a full-length, rather pompous pose of the Maharajah. This is the real man, proud and aspiring; but a smile may well be one's initial reaction. Next, the sacred Hill itself: calm, meditative, with the quiet lake in the foreground. There are two dim figures in a boat—Aziz and Fielding, perhaps. Background music, as soothing accompaniment to the wild extravagances and sorry mishaps to be recorded of Dewas Senior. Then the central figure at play: only the Maharajah is at ease in the stiff circle of gambling courtiers, so conscious of the camera. And the next picture also emphasizes his individuality, as (genial host at a house party) he twinkles in the midst of a solemn group. Now the tone deepens: a close-up shows that the twinkle is deceptive. This countenance has far greater potential than one realized: it is even stern. The next is a strange picture. The whole Court stares out at the reader, and the Maharajah is almost lost among these dark faces. That is proper, for India is about to reclaim him. At last we are confronted by the disturbing, but not in any sense dreadful, picture of the Maharajah after a penitential fast, nearing death. This is quite different from what has gone before; but a turn back to the frontispiece reveals the levels in cross-section. And it was Forster who saw all this, so that he also has a place, clad in Indian dress (a sort of polka-dotted swiss with a low vest), peering out with an air of incredulity from beneath the rakish Maratha turban.

Like the earlier study of Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, this volume is a labour of love, devoted to the memory of an individual who made a particularly influential impression on Forster's work and character. The Maharajah evidently mismanaged his state, alienated his family and some of the Court, and spent his declining days in self-imposed exile, sending telegrams alternately accusing and evasive to the authorities who sought a solution to the hopelessly confused affairs of Dewas. These are facts, and Forster states them flatly. But in one sentence the Englishman replaces sordid actuality with imaginative truth: "He was certainly a genius and possibly a saint, and he had to be a king." Alternately, and sometimes all at once, charmed, exasperated, baffled, and awed by the Maharajah, Forster, after a few half-hearted attempts at analysis, wisely threw up his hands, and was content merely to describe his master. He could see that the obituary in *The Times* was foolish, and makes us feel so too; but just why this is so is elusive, until at length he selects the appeal precisely right for the Anglo-Saxon, at any rate: "He will go down to history as a failure. That is the sort of thing that does go down to history."

That Forster (making all allowance for his irony) should account

for his subject in terms of a tradition including Brunanburh, the *Revenge*, and Chinese Gordon is suggestive, for it reminds us that even this unusual man remained the outsider in India. His perceptive travel-book, while full of the customary Forster wit and humour (e.g., the account of his first Indian banquet), often betrays uneasiness, uncertainty, even unpleasant surprise. "Dewas at its most Dionysiac" made Forster positively uncomfortable; there are vague hints, too, of "indecent" puns and unmentionable conduct at Court entertainments. In another direction, although he was highly sensitive to the shifting moods of Dewas and its ruler, the continual effort to grasp the subleties of Indian imaginations seems now and then to have blinded him to its emotional directness. "What was dangerous at Dewas? What was harmless?" Forster was never quite sure, although he came to understand well enough the stately movements required of Westerners involved with Indian politics. The fact that he has chosen to tell his story chiefly through letters, with a minimum of commentary, hints at his consciousness of some sort of "Boum" in the air when he talks seriously about India.

It turns out that Forster isn't pleased with *A Passage to India*. "Distaste and despair" were his reaction (in India) when he re-read his opening chapters. Later, in England, he felt better, and finished the book, but still thought it "bad." Perhaps he was dismayed by his failure to create a Godbole who would communicate to the reader his own full sense of companionship, amusement, veneration; for Godbole, it is now clear, was largely patterned on the Maharajah. Forster seems to regard the finished novel as a gimcrack, cutrate India, to which *The Hill of Devi* may provide exculpatory notes. Never mind: the novelist's discontent will not dispel the book's perennial appeal. And the critics are happy, for with so much new light the game can begin all over again.

DIALOGUES OF WHITEHEAD* — A. H. JOHNSON

Through the medium of Lucien Price's *Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead* it is possible to enter the charming home, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, of the great philosopher and listen to him chat with his friends. The presentation of Whitehead is accurate and effective. A perusal of this book is a stimulating experience. Mr. Price does not content himself with merely recording the great man's words and those of his guests; the total scene is sketched skilfully. Present, on

**Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead.* Recorded by LUCIEN PRICE. Boston: Atlantic–Little, Brown and Company. 1954. Pp. xii, 398. $5.00.

most occasions, is Mrs. Whitehead. Thoroughly appropriate is the vivid delineation of the unity of purpose and affection which characterized the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead for over fifty years. It is also made evident that the beauty and comfort of their home were due, in large measure, to Mrs. Whitehead's great aesthetic gifts. In Mr. Price's pages the physical environment in which the Whiteheads lived becomes very real: the flowers, fine old furiture, the insistent bell in Memorial Tower and, of course, the well-filled shelves of books.

These dialogues began in 1932 and terminated, at the death of the philosopher, in 1947. During most of this time Whitehead was Professor Emeritus. Yet here we meet a man very much at home in the world, as charming and almost as vigourous as ever. There is an interesting description of a meeting of the Harvard Fellows attended by former president Lowell and Professor Whitehead. The awarding of the Order of Merit to Whitehead is "reported," with care and insight, and his "reply." A vigorous conversation between Sir Richard Livingstone and Whitehead is reproduced in considerable detail. Here, then, is an admirable word picture of a world-famous mathematician and philosopher, a charming old gentleman, enjoying good talk with his friends.

These dialogues do not constitute an effective introduction to his philosophy, though some of his characteristic insights are expressed. Mr. Price rarely focuses on a single topic for an extended period, and omits detail and documentation. Most of the recurrent themes do not receive extensive treatment. However, many ideas are stated clearly though in a very general fashion; but they are the ideas, for the most part, familiar to the careful reader of the books which Whitehead wrote after his arrival at Harvard: *Science and the Modern World, Religion in the Making, The Aims of Education, Adventures of Ideas, Modes of Thought*, and *Essays in Science and Philosophy.*

The range of topics is vast. Among the most frequently recurring themes are: the inadequacy of words to convey the full meaning of concepts; the great dangers involved in mistaking half truths for full truths; the collapse of Newtonian physics in the later nineteenth century, and the resultant conclusion that one should not be dogmatic about anything; the deficiencies in Christian theology which result from viewing God as an oriental despot; the disastrous refusal of Protestant reformers to recognize the importance of emotional and aesthetic factors in religion; the necessity of seeing things in their organic interrelations, if they are to be understood; the inescapability of change and the rapidity with which it occurs in the modern world.

In addition to these themes there are many others to which considerable reference is made: English novelists, Shakespeare, Wagner, the Roman Catholic Church, social classes in Britain and the United States, Jews, the lack of humour in the Bible, the infinite possibilities inherent in "the common man," the need for a suitable environment, the fruitful result of a mixture of races, psychoanalysis, German scholarship, the future of Europe, the possibility that there are many types of living beings concerning which we know nothing, aesthetics and morality, the plurality of causes for any single event, the importance of music as a form of expression. He also comments on the achievements of Pericles, Augustus, and the "founding fathers" of the American Revolution, on Churchill and Stalin. The greatness of Plato is a frequent theme. William James also receives praise. Aristotle and Dewey are adversely criticized. Whitehead's style, as reported by Mr. Price, is similar to the more brilliant passages in *Science and the Modern World* and *Adventures of Ideas*, and sets off some characteristic Whitehead aphorisms.

The dialogues contain many brilliant comments, yet, like any human product, the calibre of achievement is not uniform. Further, many will disagree with Whitehead's evaluation of Christian theology and the exalted status to which he assigns Walt Whitman and the city of Chicago. However, whether his dialogues be regarded, initially, as the expression of profound insight or the quintessence of superficial table talk, it seems just to contend that to a percipient reader many of these comments should function as effective stimuli in the adventure of human thought. If what Whitehead says is profound one can profit from it. If his remarks seem to be superficial they are a challenge to penetrate further. Let it be remembered that a man at his ease among his friends cannot be expected to talk like a volume which required a life-time of preparation. Whitehead's stature is not diminished by what Lucien Price has so ably reported. This man is indeed "a figure worthy of the Periclean age."

IN MEDIAS RES* — WILLIAM BLISSETT

Any review of this book must be an exercise in description. *The Anathemata* is a beautifully produced thing, a pleasure to hold in the hands. Mr. David Jones was an associate, friend, and son-in-law of Eric Gill and is one of the most distinguished of contemporary British

**The Anathemata: Fragments of an Attempted Writing.* By David Jones. London: Faber and Faber Limited [Toronto: British Book Service (Canada) Ltd.]. 1952. Pp. 243. $5.00.

painters, having an integrity, an isolation, and a sensitivity comparable to that of the late David Milne. The author has done the lettering on the dust jacket with lapidary power and dignity and has provided nine illustrations reproduced from various media, the effect of which is to make a personal book still more David Jones's thing.

The author's preface is a conveyance into the midst of this thing.

> So that to the question: What is this writing about? I answer that it is about one's own "thing," which *res* is unavoidably part and parcel of the Western Christian *res*, as inherited by a person whose perceptions are totally conditioned and limited by and dependent upon his being indigenous to this island. In this it is necessarily insular; within which insularity there are the further conditionings contingent upon his being a Londoner, of Welsh and English parentage, of Protestant upbringing, of Catholic subscription.

Further, in explanation of his strange title, he says that it means

> as much as it can be made to mean. . . . the blessed things that have taken on what is cursed and the profane things that somehow are redeemed: the delights and also the "ornaments," both in the primary sense of gear and paraphernalia and in the sense of what simply adorns; the donated and votive things, the things dedicated after whatever fashion, the things in some sense make separate, being "laid up from other things"; things, or some aspect of them, that partake of the extra-utile and of the gratuitous; things that are the signs of something other, together with those signs that not only have the nature of a sign, but are themselves, under some mode, what they signify. Things set up, lifted up, or in whatever manner made over to the gods.

That is a key paragraph; a key sentence is this: the artist, the poet, "must work within the limits of his love." The deposits which make up this Thing are recalled—in the scriptural sense of *anamnesis*: "represented" before God so as to become here and now operative "in their effects," in the phrase quoted from Dom Gregory Dix; they are recalled "in time of Mass," when the limits of love are farthest extended.

We have plunged *in medias res*. *The Anathemata* is divided into eight named sections with the impact and mass of books of an epic. The word "epic" may seen a little strange to use in connection with a book having no recognizable hero or single heroic action. What makes it less inappropriate are the undeniable epic qualities of the book: it is clearly the product of heroic labour on the part of the poet; the style is appropriately exalted; it embodies within a literary form an immense amount of learning; this learning, though strongly marked by the poet's individuality, is such as might, indeed should, form a core of knowledge and belief for the great audience for whom

the book has been written, that core being the history of man in Britain as seen joyfully through Christian eyes as preparation of the Gospel and as continuation of Redemption in Christendom, with the Sacrifice of Calvary and the Mass as eternal centre. The experience of Britain and of the world as centred in Britain is brought into a wide embrace partly through the substance of what is related and partly through a technique of allusion which is sometimes explicitly historical, sometimes implicit in the accent, syntax, and vocabulary. This technique, by searching past and future, serves the same function as prophecy and historical narrative in other epics.

The first section, "Rite and Fore Time," presents us with the earliest man in Britain and his first religious act of sacrifice, always with a sense of the coming death on the Cross and the eternal sacrifice of the Lamb. The second, "Middle Sea and Lear Sea," is a comparable meditation on the post-Trojan world and especially on the kingdoms of Rome and of Britain. Some of the other sections are less decidedly rooted in in a particular period—"The Lady of the Pool," for instance, being centred rather in its heroine, a cockney dockside girl whose monologue identifies her as London in all the ages, though with a suggestion too of the psyche as nymph and of the Church as bride.

While this is a fluid epic, an epic without narrative in any sense permissible to literary criticism, it may be hazarded that the central narrative of the Christian religion is everywhere present by implication; that the redemption of the world is what happens; that Christ the Son of Man is as much the hero here as Christ the Son of God is the hero of *Paradise Lost*. Even the curious and at first rather irritating stylistic devices of the sentence fragment, the suspended phrase and clause, the unanswered question, can be understood if this is accepted. Scripture and the Mass are the main clause; I AM is the subject and verb.

Eric Gill said this in his essay on David Jones (1930):

> What concerns him is the universal thing showing through the particular thing, and as a painter it is this showing through that he endeavours to capture. The eye sees particular things, but the man's delight in the physical vision is checked by the mind's apprehension of the universal informing it. Paint, colour, flowers, flesh, these are the things which delight him. But his is that kind of fastidiousness which is not content with simple reproductions of delightful things. Even "the particularly juicy bit" which starts him off he holds with a grasp which at any moment he is prepared to relinquish. And yet, and yet—even though the grasp be relinquished, the thing and its delightfulness still pervade and must pervade the painting.

What is true of the paintings is true of the book: both relinquish the world which they so lovingly present, a world whose incompleteness, whose brokenness points beyond itself to what is perfect and whole.

That is why *The Anathemata* can only be described, and only tentatively described. In the lines of Wallace Stevens.

> The poem is the cry of its occasion,
> Part of the res itself and not about it.

MORE OF BERKELEY* — R. F. McRae

Volume V contains Berkeley's writings connected with tar water, of which the principal one is the well known *Siris*. Volume VI contains the writings on political and economic affairs. Two pamphlets, *Advice to the Tories* and *The Irish Patriot*, appear now for the first time in company with his other works. What there is of philosophic interest in volume VI is to be found chiefly in *Passive Obedience* and *A Discourse addressed to Magistrates*. The importance of the former may be estimated by Hume's observation that a division into political factions on the basis of abstract philosophical principles is something peculiarly modern and "perhaps, the most extraordinary and unaccountable *phenomenon* that has yet appeared in human affairs." The two speculative systems which he found dividing British political parties were those of the "original contract" and "passive obedience." Locke had spoken for the former, and it is to Berkeley that one must go for the clearest statement of the latter made on purely philosophical grounds and independent of the requirements of revealed religion. As a result of the Hanoverian succession there occurred an important shift of the centre of philosophical inquiry in British politics. No longer was it the principal problem of politics to determine the nature and rights of sovereignty. Attention was now turned upon the basis of the subject's obligation of allegiance, and it was the putting of this as the principal question that gave rise to the kind of criticism of the "original contract" which is to be found with both Berkeley and Hume. Is this obligation based on a prior obligation to keep a

**The Works of George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne.* Edited by A. A. Luce and T. E. Jessop. V: *Siris; Three Letters to Thomas Prior; A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hales; Farther Thoughts on Tar-water; Varia.* VI: *Passive Obedience; Advice to Tories who have taken the Oaths; An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain; The Querist; A Discourse addressed to Magistrates; Two Letters on the Occasion of the Jacobite Rebellion 1745; A Word to the Wise; Maxims concerning Patriotism.* Edited by T. E. Jessop. Edinburgh and Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd. 1953. Pp. xii, 235; viii, 256. 30*s.* each.

promise, and can a promise of which most men have never heard be the reason why they acknowledge the duty of submission? Moreover, Berkeley denies that the problem of allegiance is to be solved by means of any theory of the basis of the legitimacy of a ruler's power; the obligation is directly prescribed by natural law. On both these points nothing really divides Berkeley and Hume except the latter's reinterpretation of natural law as psychological law.

A Discourse addressed to Magistrates is on prejudice. It anticipates in some respects the revival of prejudice's fortunes in Hume and Burke. For Berkeley, however, it is not primarily, as with these other two, a question of the limits of rational contrivance in politics or the superiority of prejudice to abstract reasoning. It is with the backward glance to the unprejudiced noble savage that he is concerned. What is esteemed and admired in those creatures is not really innocence but just ignorance, not virtue but necessity. Only lack of opportunity saves them from being thoroughly disgusting. The *Discourse* seeks to show the absolute dependence of decent civil life upon the powerful effects of prejudice. Needless to say the enlightened freethinker is a principal target as always in the advice which Berkeley offers to magistrates.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CROUSE, NELLIS M. *Lemoyne d'Iberville: Soldier of New France*. New York: Cornell University Press; Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1954. Pp. xii, 280. $5.00.

DANTZIG, TOBIAS. *Henri Poincaré, Critic of Crisis: Reflections on his Universe of Discourse*. Twentieth Century Library. New York and London: Charles Scribner's Sons [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited]. 1954. Pp. xiv, 150. $3.85.

DEUTSCHER, ISAAC. *The Prophet Armed: Trotsky: 1879–1921*. London, New York, Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1954. Pp. xii, 540. $6.00.

DORAN, MADELEINE. *Endeavors of Art: A Study of Form in Elizabethan Drama*. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press. Pp. xvi, 482. $6.00.

DOUGLASS, PAUL F. *Six upon the World: Toward an American Culture for an Industrial Age*. Boston: Little, Brown and Company [Toronto: Little, Brown & Company (Canada) Limited]. 1954. Pp. x, 444. $5.50.

NOEL, MARY. *Villains Galore: The Heyday of the Popular Story Weekly*. New York: The Macmillan Company [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited]. 1954. Pp. xii, 320. $5.75.

PATRICK, J. MAX, ed. *Samla Studies in Milton: Essays on John Milton and His Works*. By Members of the South Atlantic Modern Language Association. Foreword by JAMES HOLLY HANFORD. Gainesville: University of Florida Press. 1953. Pp. xvi, 198. $3.50.

RIESMAN, DAVID. *Individualism Reconsidered and Other Essays*. Glencoe, Illinois: The Free Press. 1954. Pp. ii, 530. $6.00.

WILKINS, ERNEST HATCH. *A History of Italian Literature*. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited]. 1954. Pp. xii, 524. $9.75.

HEINRICH HEINE

AN INTERPRETATION

By

BARKER FAIRLEY

(*Professor of German, University of Toronto*)

Heine has usually been seen as a divided mind: the singer of love-lyrics set against the revolutionary; the satirist against the sentimentalist. The present study looks for unity in him and finds it in the closely related group of images which appear in everything he wrote, both early and late in life—in his verse and his prose, whether imaginative or journalistic. These images are chiefly images of the theatre and show Heine as in a special sense of the word theatre-minded. It is argued further that they are primarily those of one who looks out on the world; they enable us to see the world with his eyes and so to understand him as a creative writer. $3.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Back Issues in Demand

University of Toronto Quarterly

Vol. XIX No. 1 - OCT. 1949
Vol. XIX No. 2 - JAN. 1949
Vol. XXII No. 2 - JAN. 1953
Vol. XXIII No. 2 - JAN. 1954

In order to accommodate an increasing number of requests for these issues, subscribers are asked to return copies no longer of use to them. Please send an accompanying letter and $1.00 per copy will be forwarded at once.

University of Toronto Press
Toronto 5

The Bishop Strachan School

COLLEGE HEIGHTS, TORONTO

Established over 82 years

President:
THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO

A CHURCH RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

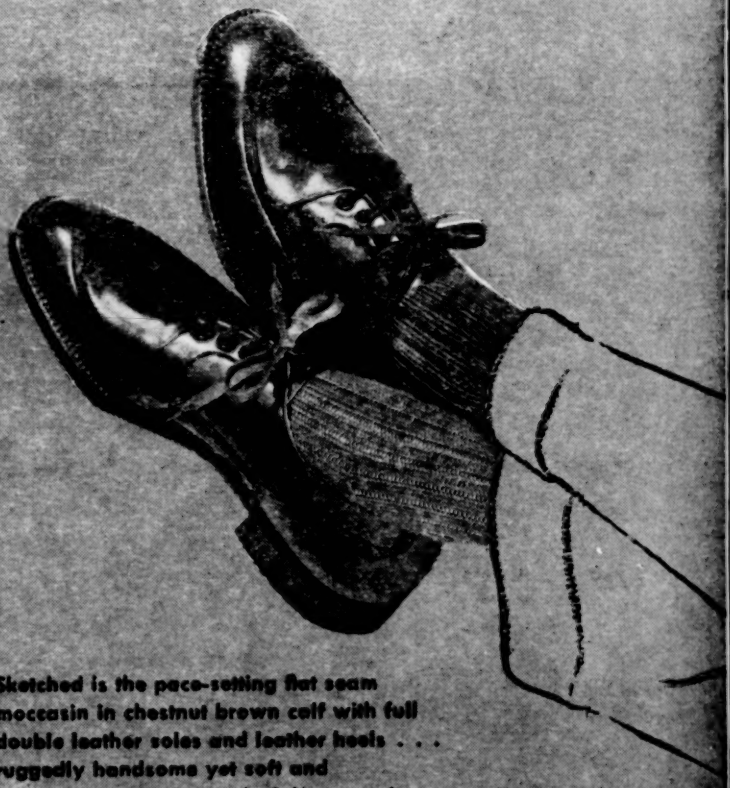
Kindergarten to Junior and Senior Matriculation

For information regarding scholarships and bursaries, apply to the principal:

Miss G. Macnaughton, M.A.
(Edin.)

FINE FOOTWEAR

by *Birkdale*



Sketched is the pace-setting flat seam moccasin in chestnut brown calf with full double leather soles and leather heels . . . ruggedly handsome yet soft and comfortable . . . typical of the extensive Birkdale Specified line of moccasins, monk straps, bluchers, balmorals and brogues . . . all "Sanitized" to help prevent perspiration and bacteria from growing.

Sizes 6 to 12, pair, 16.95
Over Size 12, 2.00 extra

EATON'S Main Store—Second Floor (Dept. 237)
and EATON'S-College Street—Main Floor

T. EATON Co.